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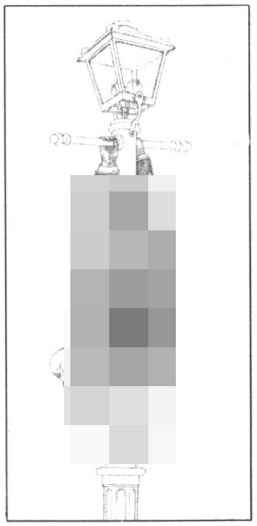
Cheeky Linda, a sparrow to kill Cock Robin, page 51



First hang ups, page 46

SPECIAL FEATURES

There's double the usual quantity this month. Gerald Rawling traces the story of air ace George Guynemer, the darling of the French. Nick Witchell, with his customary preoccupation with the intriguing and bizarre, digs up stories about body snatchers. William Boddy, firmly in the land of the living, looks back at the life of Riley cars. John Hamilton tells us where to go to see a Soho strip.

GIRLS

Cover girl Linda Munro, lusciously wet-lipped and as cheeky as any cockney sparrow, takes pride of place across the centre pages. Birgetta, by contrast, is a blue-stockinged brunette. Ann feels she is the wrong side of the camera – though no-one else will – and Sammy, our shy colleen returns by popular demand.

HUMOUR

It's not a woman's hidden treasures that a man most wants to find – it's those skimpy garments that keep them covered. Mike George and artist Ronald Cobb pour out unrequited adulation for this part of feminine apparel. A page of jokes will help any dinner party along and Carrie's dream world makes travelling by underground seem like a good idea for a knight out.

INFORMERS

Now that it's autumn, Editor Kenneth Bound looks forward to his favourite winter pastime (no – skiing) and finds the best places to go, while Kenneth Dowd reflects on an expensive summer in the south of France Still on the travelling theme, Quest starts a series of interviews of sex in different kinds of transport. This week girls talk frankly of seduction in motor cars.

FICTION

Down from Scotland on his first visit to London, Harry has some most unusual problems. Hunter Capie explains the dilemmas which ensue. Oliver Parker indulges in some personal nostalgia, recalling his first sight of a couple 'Doing It' up in ol' Stanshaw's meadow.

READER SERVICES

Catch up on the *Mayfairs* you missed with our special back number offer; be a member of 400 top clubs in our unique club scheme; read our latest books and see five fabulous centre girls nude in our film society.

CRITICS

Arthur Pottersman looks at the latest book about bully boy Flashman. David Quinlan describes Bob Dylan as the new screen Billy the Kid. Peter Hopkin reviews Santana and Pentangle.

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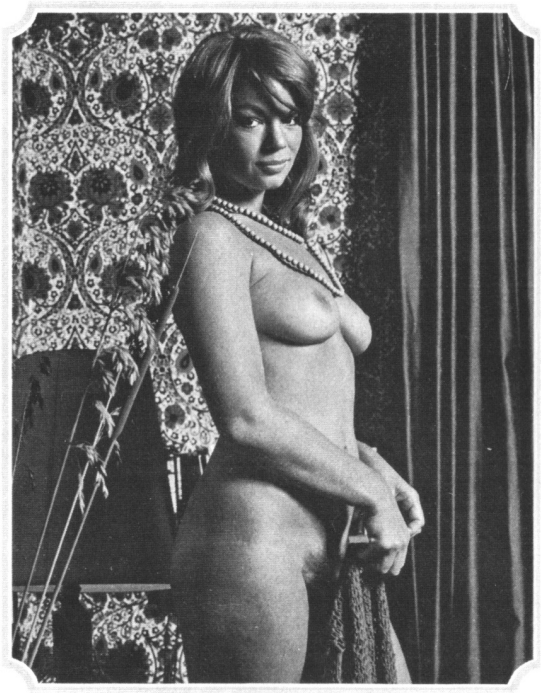

She's one of the girls in our fantastic 1974 Mayfair Calendar. And there are eleven more, just as revealing, just as sexy, all in rich, living colour. A different one to brighten your walls for every month of the year. But these hand-picked maidens don't like to be kept waiting, so order your copies fast. If the response is anything like last year's you'll have to reach swiftly for your pens because the stocks are going to run out.

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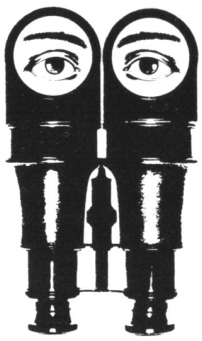


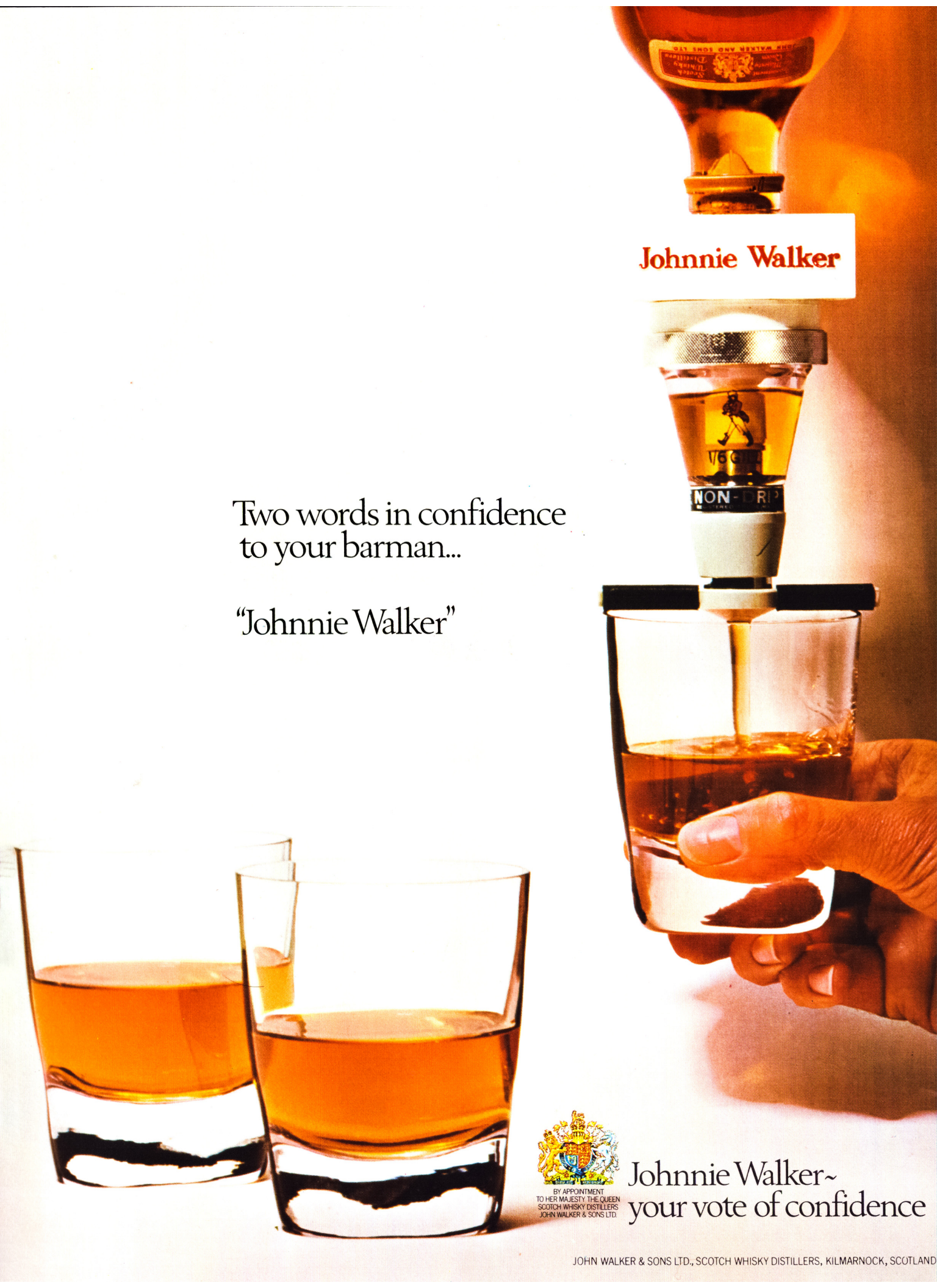
Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

The inflationary spiral goes up and up and, hard though we dig in our heels, *Mayfair* has been forced to give a little ground. This copy of the magazine cost you an extra 5p – the first price increase we've had in five years. But don't gloom too much. You also have an extra 16 pages, more colour, more fascinating features and a longer look at some delicious dollies. Spread over nine full colour pages, you see more of our Cockney super girl, Linda Munro, than you've ever seen before – and we think she's well worth it. We announced a 40p price increase last December and the Government's Freeze cut us short. When the restrictions were lifted we held out against the falling pound and wildly escalating paper prices for as long as we could. Now we're bigger, brighter, better than ever before – and still 5p less than our major rivals.

Our consumer's guide to the Soho strip scene (page 72) was unable to include that cheaper – and often just as titillating – field of entertainment: the fun pub. In the London area alone there are a host of lively 'locals', where strip acts are as common as crisps, not to mention topless go-go girls, discotheques and super-attractive barmaids.

Topless go-go girls let it all hang out every lunchtime at the Lansdown in Gloucester Avenue, NW1, and there are strip acts every Sunday morning to ease down that first pint. There are strip acts too at the Ancient Briton in Glaucus Street, E3 on Friday and Sunday evenings; the Bell, Pentonville Road, N1 on Saturday and Sunday evenings; and the Peacock, Freemasons Road, E16 Sunday lunchtime. Topless go-go girls dance every morning except Wednesday at the Crown in Redchurch Street E2, and with the Saturday evening discotheque at the Trossachs in Barking Road, E13. Go-go girls, still scantily clad, can be found in a lot of pubs, from the ultra-trendy Chelsea Drug Store in the Kings Road (where the clientele are likely to be as watchable as the dancers) to the Tiger Tavern at Tower Hill, EC3 (Thursday to Sunday nightly) and the Westminster Arms in Gosset Street, E2 (evenings, Monday to Wednesday.) For those who prefer to try their hand at chatting up across the bar there's the Old Globe in the Mile End Road, E1. The barmaids there are chosen for their attractiveness. The only proviso we'd make is to try a telephone call to the pub in question beforehand just in case a time or a programme has changed. A guide to some of London's fun pubs can be obtained free from the public relations department of Charrington & Co. Ltd., Mile End, London E1 4UL.

Mayfair's avowed interest in masculine mechanics – those intricacies of metal and machinery that have fascinated the male mind since time immemorial – has clearly struck a soft spot among the various enthusiasts of this country. So fanatical is their interest that the slightest error of detail is sure to bring down the wrath of some dedicated society secretary. Accordingly we pride ourselves on the accuracy and precision of our material, not the least of which is our photo-captions. Matching William Boddy's gritty prose on the Riley this month, we have captions to our pictures by Mr. Arnold Farrar of Southampton. National secretary of the Riley Motor Club for 34 years and a vice president of the Riley Register, Mr. Farrar lays claim to the best collection of Riley data worldwide. Looking at our pictures he was able to pinpoint not only non-standard features but individual cars and their histories. Sometimes real expertise is worth as much as a set of excellent photographs.



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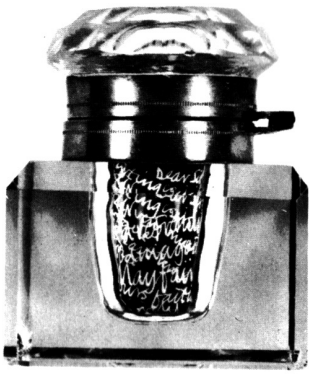

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

As the happy and contented owner of a 32 inch bust, I wonder if your gentlemen readers, who over the years have been devising various methods of assessing the bulk of the female breast, would be quite as obsessed with the size of our physical attributes if male trousers and underwear had their flies graded according to the penile dimensions of their owners.
Imagine the embarrassment of those who are less well-endowed if some shop assistant were to announce in strident and officious tones, 'I'm sorry, sir, we don't stock such small sizes – I suggest you try our children's department!' I personally may never fill a tea cup with my bosom – let alone a bowler hat – but I wonder how many of your breast-fancying correspondents are themselves unable to fill even a sherbet dip!
A.M.C., Lampeter, Wales

Male chauvinist pigs, we may be, Miss C. but it gladdens our humorous hearts to know that there are dollies like you about to write such splendid letters.

I've just bought my first copy of *Mayfair* from my local news stand and I must say I'm impressed.
Similar magazines in North America seem to find it necessary to back causes and grind axes in order to justify their existence. One usually becomes more depressed than ever at the folly of man in trying to put down sex as something unhealthy and evil. I greatly enjoyed reading your stories. The (to me) strange terminology adds a whole new approach to an old theme. And you do it with class. Certainly 'bird' sounds a good deal better than 'broad' or 'dame'. And 'knickers'! Too much! And the women! Their erotic appeal is enhanced by the unique flavour of your magazine.
My dear departed grandmother, British to the core, would have been delighted at my being influenced by something from the old country. But I don't think she quite had this in mind.
Roy Weston, Ottawa, Canada

Do my aged eyes deceive me? Madeline Carroll in Vol. 8 No. 7 actually showing arm pit hair! I've waited years to see it in an English magazine. Marvellous, and such natural posing. More of the kind please.
(*Name and address withheld*)

I have heard that women are not the demure backward creatures of yesteryear and perhaps the following incident proves the point.
One evening last winter I was working late at the office completing monthly accounts when the phone rang. It was about nine o'clock, everyone else had gone and I was on my own, thinking about a quick pint and home. I traced the ringing phone to the far end of the office and to my surprise and pleasure Pam, one of our secretaries, was at the other end. She wanted to know if I was alone and if she could come round there and then to see me. I explained that I was about to leave, but her tone persuaded me to wait. She insisted she had something interesting to show me. We had been out several times recently and nothing exceptional had happened, though I found her very attractive. I opened a side door and made two coffees in the staffroom. About ten minutes later I heard a car pull up in the lane at the back and then Pam came in. She looked even more attractive than before, wearing a green cape, knee length black suede boots and matching gloves. Her blonde hair was tucked into a huge black fur hood.
Our conversation seemed idle and unnaturally flat while we drank the coffee and as soon

as she'd finished I took her cup to the sink in the corner. When I turned round she was right at my back. Immediately we embraced and kissed, softly at first, then becoming more and more passionate. Between kisses I asked her what she wanted to show me. She gently pulled my hands up through the armholes in her cape and placed them over her bare breasts. Quickly I freed my hands and lifted up her cape at the front to make sure I was not dreaming. Sure enough, underneath it was all bare body from her neck to her pubic hair. Needless to say I needed no further encouragement after that and we brought each other to a mutually satisfying climax on the nearby settee. Pam and I are now just married so that when I see an attractive woman wearing a hooded cape I am immediately suspicious of her motives.
D.I., Prestwick

I was interested to read Graham Meredith's article on vasectomy in Vol. 8 No. 3, having recently had the operation myself. There are quite a few of us on the Rock who have undergone the same, and we have been led to believe that there is a vasectomy association or club, which supports a tie, membership card and so on. I would very much like to start a branch in Gibraltar and would be grateful if you could put me in touch with someone who runs the association in the United Kingdom.
A.G.S., Gibraltar

Sorry, but there is no association in Britain that we can trace, though one does exist in the United States.

I feel it is my humble duty to agree with Mr Graham Thurston's letter in Vol. 8 No. 8. I have been a great admirer of Miss Madeline Smith, the most gorgeous creature that ever graced this undeserving planet, for many years. I have also prayed that a quality magazine such as *Mayfair* would treat its readers to a 'spread' of her. There are many other girls from show business whom we'd all like to see in your magazine, e.g. Deborah Watling, Wei Wei Wong, Vivien Neves, Annette Andre, Alexandra Bastedo. I am sure that we readers would be willing to pay a few pence more for your already amazingly well-priced magazine to see our favourite show biz girls in the inimitable *Mayfair* format.
Tony Aston, Folkestone, Kent

In fact we saw Miss Neves very much undressed in scenes from a naughty Danish film in Vol. 6 No. 6.

I was most interested to read the article on tunny fishing in Vol. 8 No. 7. It may interest some readers to know that these fish are occasionally caught off the coast of Great Britain and that the rod-caught record for tunny was set in 1933 by Mr L. Mitchell-Henry off Whitby in Yorkshire.
R. I. Cottrell, Cobham, Surrey

Girls taking pleasure from horse riding is a well-known theme in Norway, as it is in Britain. We have read about it several times in your letters column and many of your delicate photo-models have told about their horse-passion. Allow me to ask why this delicious idea is not used more by your photographers. I think a pretty girl straddling a horse or a pony is a most exciting sight – especially if the girl is naked. Lady Godiva was an English phenomenon. Let us see more Lady Godivas in your splendid magazine!
A Norwegian reader

It's a thought. In fact Miss Anna Wohlin was very much nude on horseback in the centre of Vol. 5 No. 9.

If Mrs. K. Astley (Vol. 8 No. 7) wants your readers' judgment on her photograph, all I can do – like Oliver Twist – is ask for more. She is the third housewife to appear in your columns this year, along with Mrs. King and Mrs. Harber. Can't you persuade any of these nice young ladies to grace your centre pages (husbands permitting naturally)? Or perhaps start a readers' wives/girlfriends section, which I'm sure would go down well.
D.G., York

In your very good article on the Woodham Bros. locomotive scrapyard at Barry (Vol. 8 No. 3) you refer to an ex-L.N.E.R. engine – B1 61264. I am a member of a society

turn to page 104

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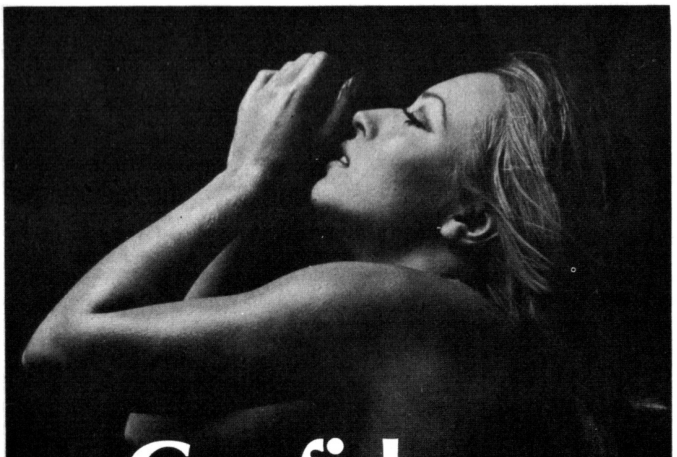

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Harry's Problem

What do you do if a bird seems uptight on sex yet you're certain she's dying for it?

Fiction by Hunter Capie

'Life would be much simpler,' Harry declared, 'if I could just walk up to a girl and say: "Excuse me, I'd like to have a little affair with you." '
'Why don't you try it?' I suggested. 'At least it would be honest. Maybe your frankness would pay off.'
Harry shook his head morosely. 'I did try it. Used those very words. A big girl in the office with fantastic breasts.' He grimaced as if trying to get rid of a nasty taste.
'What happened?'
'Oh hell . . . She looked down at me over her bosom and said, "Judging by your height, dear, it must be a little affair you have." '
I had to laugh. Harry was five feet four. But the girl's assumption was wrong. Harry's deficiency vertically only made him more eager to live horizontally and none of his girls had ever complained about either his measurements or ability in that plane. Had it been otherwise, I should certainly have known for

turn to page 10

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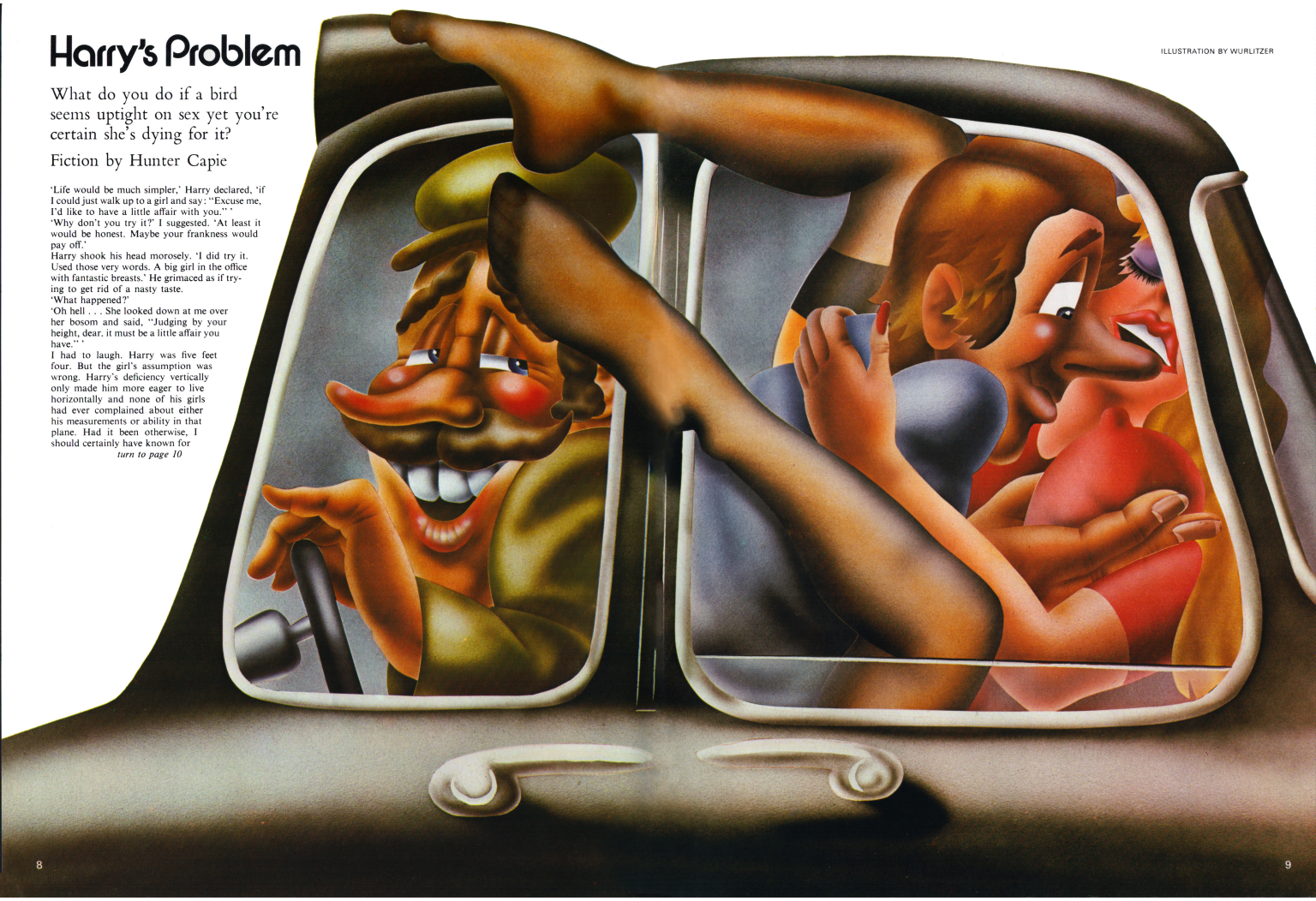

Harry's Problem

continued from page 9

our life style did not allow us the luxury of secrets.

We shared a small bed-sitter in Fulham (elevated to 'our Chelsea flat' in letters home). We'd been to school together in Scotland, came to London together – Harry to train as a journalist, I as a librarian.

We liked London, especially London girls. Having served our apprenticeship as lovers in the north – Scots *women* wear plenty under *their* kilts – the liberal minded, lightly clad Southern lassies presented few problems.

At first, a certain suspicion of each other (and the long shadow of John Knox) made us 'observe the decencies'. Each pretended that he did not know the other was enjoying the blessings of the metropolis.

In due course, we acknowledged this fact and entered into our 'time bank' period. We devised complicated schedules of who could have the room and when. Not all times were equal. One Saturday night, for example, was equal to three Monday nights. A Sunday afternoon counted the same as four Thursday nights. Harry was always overdrawn. Once I bought four complete Sundays from him for a single Friday evening.

Then came the 'signal' period. We whistled outside the door then listened. If the word 'dance' came from within, that meant: Come in, we are both fully dressed and unlikely to be otherwise. 'Politics' meant: Go away and come back in a couple of hours. 'Pull' (it had to be a short, unambiguous sound) meant: Go away, we are making love.

Unfortunately, this well-laid plan went hopelessly astray. It led to some very bizarre switches in conversation. And we soon discovered that there was a limit to the number of situations in lovemaking where the word 'pull' can be easily incorporated into the event. Once, when I was busy, I heard Harry's whistle outside and responded with a loud 'Pull'. The girl was stroking my ear at that moment and, not unreasonably, took my shout to be directed at her. I almost lost the ear.

Finally, Harry and I reached the 'anything goes' stage which was simpler if sometimes rather sordid. This meant, in practice, that we each had girls in without expecting the other to vacate the room. I used to wake some mornings and Harry would call, 'Alistair: this is Margot' (or Judith, or Penny, etc.) and the girl would peep shyly out from his bedclothes. I would say politely, 'Good morning. I hope you slept well,' and usually there was no embarrassment.

Once or twice, we had foursomes but we never changed partners or performed as a quartet. We were not, we told outselves, depraved. A girl called Pamela did break the rules once by moving, midway through the night, from Harry's bed to mine.

'Harry's gone to sleep,' she complained. 'Can I come in with you?'

I agreed reluctantly. 'Did you make love?' I whispered.

'I'm a virgin,' she replied. 'But I kiss well.' To support her assertion, she threw herself on me, pushing me down into the pillow with such force that I felt the buttons in the mattress pressing into the back of my skull. As I gasped for breath afterward, I heard her smack her lips. 'Do you want anything more?' she whispered.

'No thank you,' I answered fearfully.

Next morning, when she had departed, Harry asked me what had happened. I told him that she had kissed me and that was enough.

'Consider yourself lucky, Ali,' he said. 'Virgin she may be but her hands! Talk about tossing the caber! My poor wee Willie won't be playing in the first team this Saturday, I can tell you that.'

Anyway, Harry's problem now was Juliet. He was totally infatuated with her – not unnaturally. She was rich (had her own sports car), had silky blonde hair (natural, Harry assured me), a beautiful figure and that most delightful form of feminine schizophrenia – vertical modesty, horizontal abandon.

Juliet had only two flaws. First, as might be expected, she disapproved of our 'anything goes' regime. Second, she wanted Harry to marry her.

I did my best to fall in with her wish for privacy. I was fortunate, just then, to have a girl who lived alone. But Harry, of course, could not fulfil the marital wish with similar ease.

Juliet began to apply pressure where it hurt most: she withdrew her favours.

'She likes it just as much as I do,' Harry

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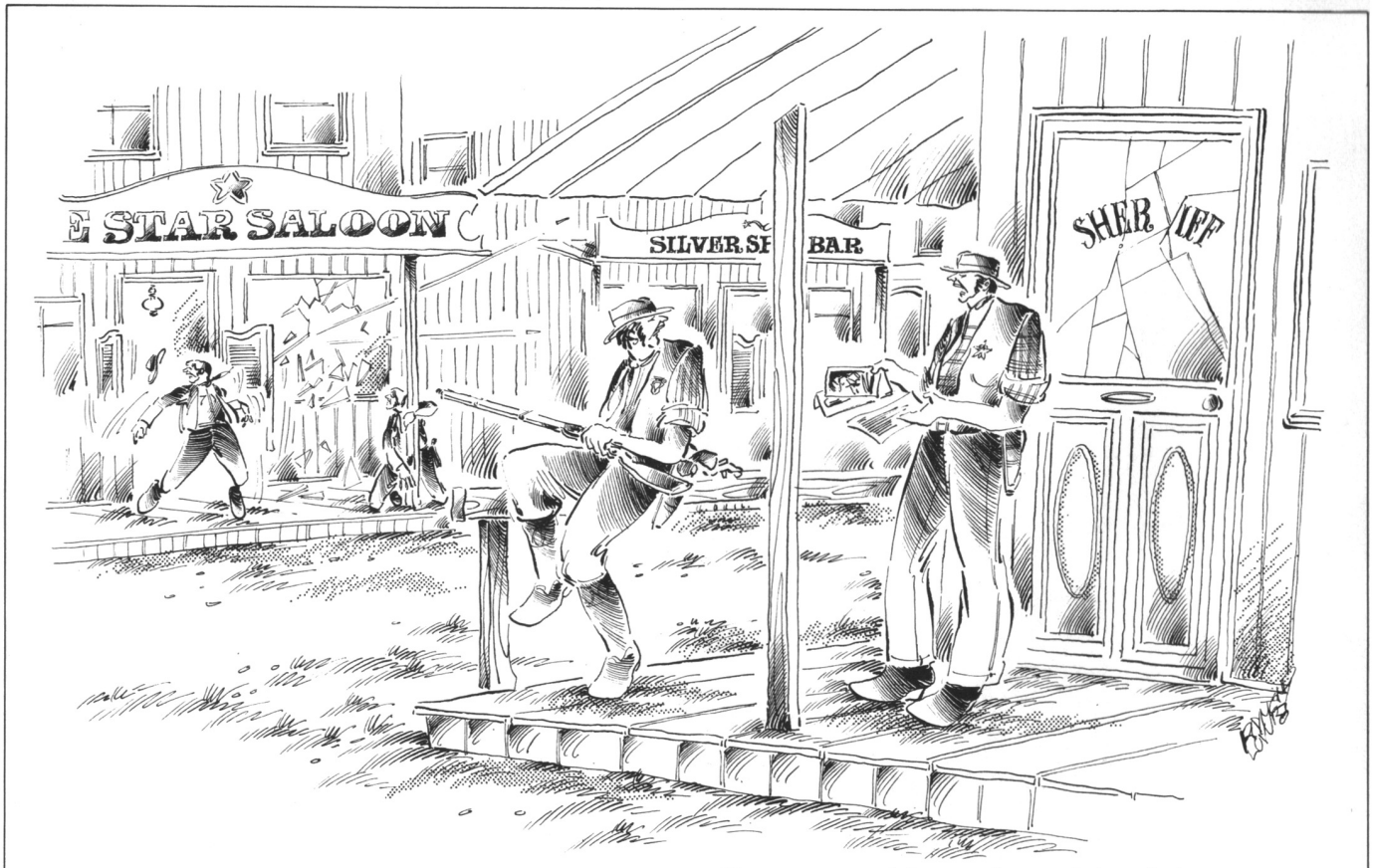
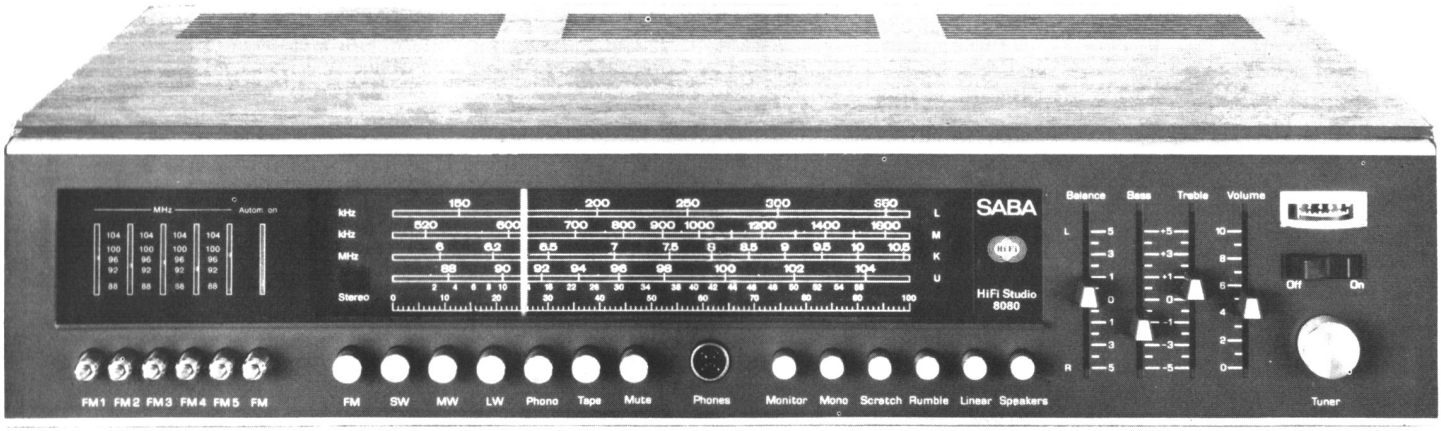


'It's from the Lone Ranger. He says for the price we offered him to come and clean up the town he's enclosing a signed photograph, an anodized aluminium Tonto badge and a free two-year subscription to his fan club.'



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Harry's Problem

continued from page 10

said grimly. 'We'll see who surrenders first.'

But he had not reckoned on the strength of the enemy below the belt. Months of unrestrained indulgence had so strengthened his appetite and weakened his will that within three days of Juliet's starting her campaign, Harry was restless. By the end of a week, his cigarette consumption had doubled. After ten days, he was almost impossible to live with. I had a vested interest in finding a solution to his problem.

'Get yourself another girl,' I said, 'and forget Juliet.'

'No.'

'What about Pamela then? Just for the short term.'

'Are you mad?' he snapped. 'I want to return to Juliet with everything intact and in working order.' He lit another cigarette from the one he had been smoking. 'The trouble is, Juliet has spoiled me for other girls. I know one or two who would oblige but . . .' He made a weary gesture of disgust. 'It would be fish and chips after caviar.'

He sighed. 'What I need,' he mused, 'is someone just to – to tide me over. But not just anyone. Someone really desirable. And someone ready to accept that the relationship will not last long.'

'She wouldn't have to know that though, would she?'

Harry looked offended. 'Of course she would. I'm not a complete bastard, you know. If I were, I'd have promised to marry Juliet without any intention of keeping the promise. Then I wouldn't have the problem, would I?'

I saw the logic in that. And even though I admired his curious brand of rectitude, I could not see how he could solve the problem with that attitude. 'Maybe,' I suggested facetiously, 'you could put an advert in the "Times". You know: Wanted. Desirable girl for strictly short term affair.'

'Do you think I could do that?' he asked earnestly.

'Harry, son, snap out of it. You're losing your wits. Go on like this and you'll be featured in "The News of the World".'

He shook his head pathetically.

'Suppose I had a word with Juliet?' I offered.

'Would you?' His face, eager, collapsed to a miserable scowl. 'No. If she knows you're speaking for me, she'll realise she's winning. I'd be worse off.'

'I don't need to teli her. I could meet her apparently by accident.'

'What would you say then?'

'Well,' I improvised, 'I'd try to see how *she* felt and play it from there. Maybe a little pathos if that seemed right. "He misses you, Juliet. He's not the same happy Harry." Or a prick of jealousy. "Some girl – I think she's a model – keeps asking Harry to go out with her." Maybe even melodrama if I feel she's really wrought up. "I smelt gas in the room last night. Do you think Harry . . .? He's so depressed." '

Harry smiled for the first time in days.

turn to page 102

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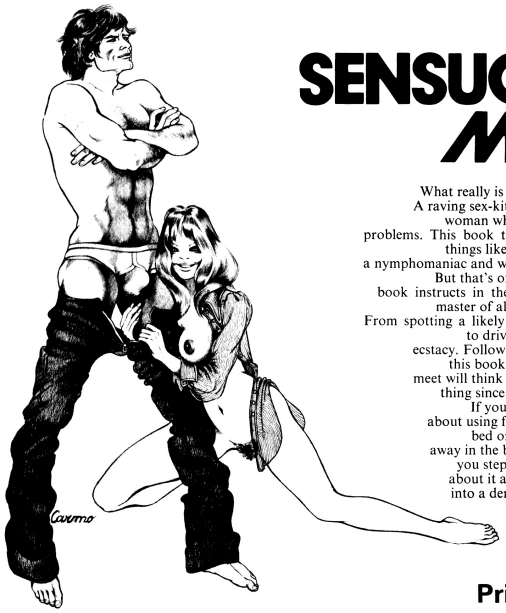

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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

The fourth in our Great War air ace series by Gerald Rawling

The Frenchman who flew into legend

Mystery and myth cloak the death of the frail and sickly Georges Guynemer, France's greatest ace. He never returned from his last flight and to this day French schoolchildren say he flew so high he could not come down again

'My first meeting with a Boche occurred on July 19. I was in a two-seater (Morane-Saulnier) Parasol with Guerder, my mechanic-observer, as passenger. I had promised for some time to undertake a pursuit in my airplane, but I had always been ordered on reconnaissances, photographic missions, and that sort of work suited me not at all . . . It is useful, of course, but monotonous. And besides, it is always set aside for the newcomers to the squadron, and I wanted to show that grit was not the exclusive property of the older men.'

The words are those of Corporal (later Captain) Georges Guynemer, spoken at the end of December 1915. They encapsulate with admirable succinctness the man's philosophy and the determination that was to enshrine him for ever in the annals of military aviation and the hearts of all patriotic Frenchmen.

Other countries have had their own folk heroes in the air fighting of the First World War – all Britain mourned at the news of Albert Ball's failure to return from a patrol; Germany was shrouded in gloom following the deaths of Boelcke and Richthofen. But all this pales against

turn to page 18

September 23, 1916. Shot down by his own artillery, Guynemer's Spad crashes moments before his third victim of the morning.

The Frenchman who flew into legend

continued from page 17

the feelings of the French people for their idol, Guynemer, even while he still lived. And when he died, the national breast-beating was on a gargantuan scale.

His tunic already encrusted with every feasible decoration that the Republic could bestow, there remained only one possible distinction that could be conferred on him by the French people – interment in the crypt of the Panthéon in Paris. Guynemer's body, however, does not lie in the crypt, since it was obliterated by British shelling, together with the wreckage of his Spad, shortly after his final crash. But today a marble plaque graces one of the walls of the Panthéon. It reads:

'Fallen on the field of honour on September 11, 1917 – a legendary hero, fallen in glory from the sky after three years of fierce struggle. He will remain the purest symbol of the qualities of his race, indomitable tenacity, ferocious energy, sublime courage; animated by the most resolute faith in victory he bequeaths to the French soldier an imperishable memory which will exalt the spirit of sacrifice.'

Such an encomium is not lightly earned. In 665 hours of flying time, Guynemer got himself involved in more than one hundred combats, was shot down seven times and emerged as the victor of an aerial engagement on 54 occasions. Apart from his awesome collection of decorations he had no less than 26 citations for bravery.

His successor in title as the French ace of aces, René Paul Fonck, who survived the war with a total of 75 victories, never came anywhere near replacing him as the darling of the French Flying Service.

Georges Marie Ludovic Jules Guynemer (pronounced Gueen-mare) was born in Paris on December 24, 1894. He was the son of a wealthy retired army officer who graduated from the Military Academy at St Cyr in 1880 only to resign his commission ten years later when he decided to go and live in Compiègne and spend the rest of his life studying local history.

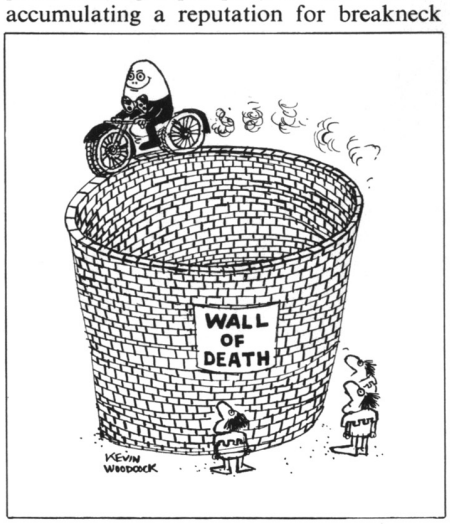
It hardly seems likely that anyone who knew the young Georges Guynemer as a child or an adolescent could have suspected that he was destined for a fame of Olympian proportions. From the start he was a delicate and fragile child, always in indifferent health, spoiled and coddled by an anxious mother and two indulgent elder sisters. His scholastic career was anything but brilliant and although he possessed a keen and lively intelligence, the Lycée at Compiègne reported him as unreliable, disorderly, careless, self-willed and quarrelsome. A slim girlish-looking youth with enormous, riveting black eyes, he showed at an early age a decided bent for mathematics and engineering. But, when his father asked him what sort of career he proposed to embark upon, he replied without hesitation: 'Aviator.'

This was early in 1914 and his father was taken aback. 'That is not a career,' he stated. 'Aviation is only a sport.' And he refused to give his permission despite young Guynemer's protests that the idea of flying induced in him an emotion 'so profound it was almost religious'. But it was not long before Europe erupted into war and, after that, there was no more talk of a career – the Guynemers, *père et fils*, knew what had to be done.

The family was staying at the Villa Delphine in Biarritz that summer of 1914 and Guynemer went straight round to the nearest recruiting centre to enlist. He returned dejected and humiliated – he had been refused on medical grounds for both infantry and cavalry. Guynemer was grievously offended by this refusal of his services and the Villa Delphine knew some uncomfortable days. Then by chance a military aircraft force-landed on the sand of Anglet beach. Guynemer got talking to the pilot, and all his old enthusiasm for aviation returned, augmented this time by the possibility of getting into uniform as well. The next day he was off to the military airfield at Pau where he persuasively talked his way into the presence of the Commanding Officer, Captain Bernard-Thierry. At first his application met with a kindly refusal, but Guynemer, black eyes flashing and hands gesticulating, pleaded his cause so passionately and so stubbornly that the Captain agreed to take him on as a student mechanic.

Bernard-Thierry probably expected that his fragile-looking new recruit would not make the grade; if so he was in for a surprise. Guynemer really knew something about mechanical engineering and he embarked on his lowly duties with tireless enthusiasm. Before long he was knocking on the Captain's door again, this time with a request for pilot training. Once more the Captain turned down Guynemer's application and on this occasion he could not be budged. The young man's health would never stand up to the rigours of combat flying and that was that.

Guynemer then decided on a somewhat oblique approach. He consulted his father who checked up on some of his old acquaintances from the Class of '80 at St Cyr and found that he was on nodding terms with several Generals. Guynemer senior pulled a few discreet strings and his son got his wish – a transfer to a flying school. Guynemer worked hard as an apprentice pilot, making rapid progress and steadily accumulating a reputation for breakneck recklessness which he was never to lose. 'Too much confidence, madness, fantastical humour,' wrote one of his instructors. In a letter to his father Guynemer described his first solo flight and bears out this critical view. 'Before departure, a bit worried,' he wrote, 'in the air wildly amusing . . . Well, it diverted me immensely, but it was lucky mama was not there.' And then with sly self-deprecation: 'I don't think I have achieved a reputation for prudence.'



On June 8 1915, now with the rank of corporal, he was posted as a pilot to Escadrille MS3 which was stationed at Vauciennes. The squadron was equipped with Morane-Saulnier Parasol two-seaters, reconnaissance machines armed with a Hotchkiss machine gun for the observer. Little more than a month after his arrival Guynemer opened his score book by shooting down an Aviatik over Soissons in full view of the delighted populace who turned out in force to watch the protracted duel taking place over their heads. Guynemer piloted the machine so skilfully that the observer, Guerder, was continually in a favourable firing position – apart from handling the controls he frequently had to advise Guerder how to clear stoppages in his gun; but withal he managed to prevent the enemy from breaking contact. Thus commenced the combat career of Georges Guynemer. Two days later he was awarded the Medaille Militaire since the destruction of an enemy aeroplane at that time was a significant event and worthy of recognition. Despite this early demonstration of his prowess in the air, Guynemer was still regarded as something of an oddity by his fellow pilots who found him reserved and distant, 'young ladyish' in manner and inappropriately well dressed in a society which was inclined to make a fetish of casual attire.

If Guynemer was aware of these feelings he paid them scant attention. More important from his viewpoint was the squadron's current re-equipment with the new Nieuport single-seater scout, a machine on which many Allied reputations were to be made – Guynemer's included.

But frustrations arrived almost as soon as the new machine. After only 16 hours flying time on the Nieuport, his poor health forced him to take sick leave. He went home the short distance to Compiègne for a rest but arranged with one of his sisters that he should be woken early on fine days so that he could drive to the airfield and take his aircraft up over the Front. He was invariably back in time for lunch.

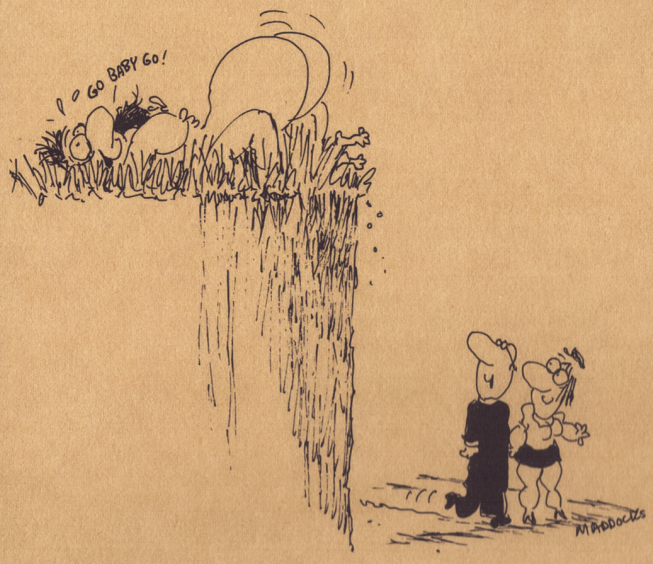
These additional patrols apart, it was not until December 5 that Guynemer scored a victory in his Nieuport and then it was disallowed for lack of corroboratory evidence. Up alone, he had surprised two enemy machines over Bailly and with a couple of short bursts had sent one of them down in what appeared to be an irrecoverable spin. He then chased the second aircraft off, but on returning to pinpoint the wreckage of the first machine he failed to find it. He was in the vicinity of Compiègne; it was Sunday morning and the

turn to page 80

'I know it's home grown – but it's no bloody vegetable, is it?'

Come, ye thankful people, come

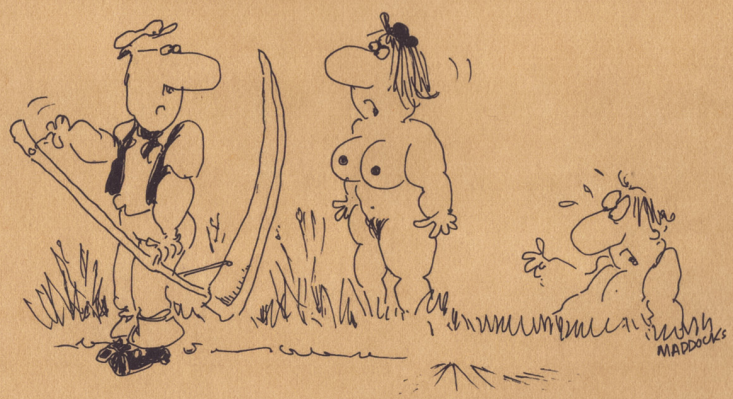
Raise the song of harvest-home
and perhaps something else besides
suggests cartoonist Maddocks



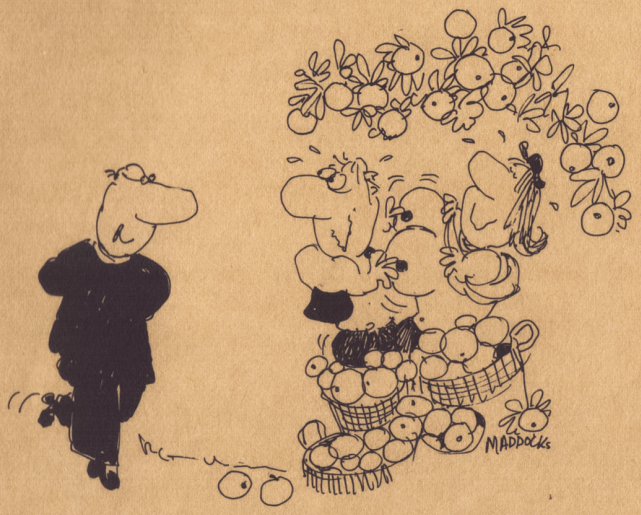
'The first glimpse of the rising harvest moon never fails to send a shiver down my spine.'

'Some woman just grabbed the vicar's gooseberries.'

'Now children, this is where Mr Farmer chases out the naughty little bunnies from what's left of his corn field.'

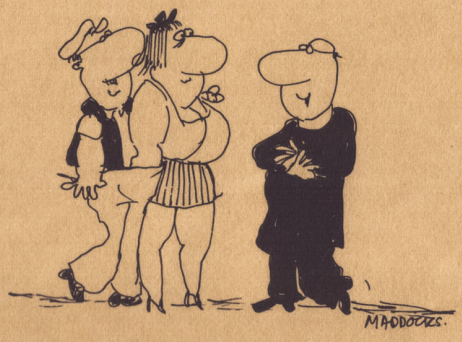


'I hope you realise you've just ruined a first class relationship.'



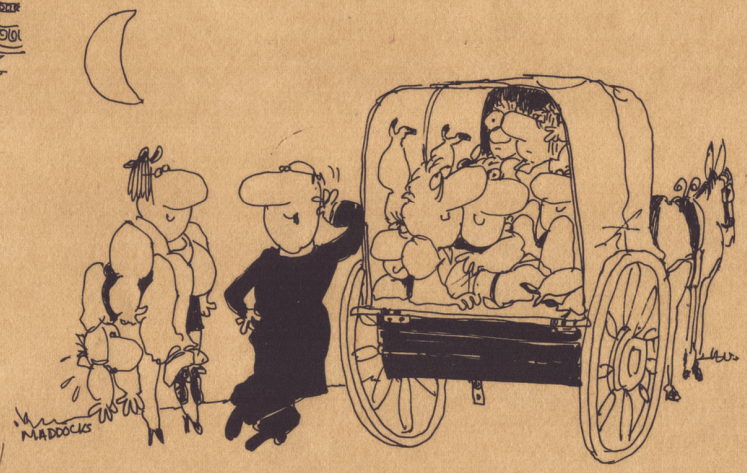
'Gently, gently, don't bruise the fruit, young man.'

'I think I'll take a closer look at Mr Pringle's corn dolly.'



'Once again, a brilliant piece of judging in the ripe tomato section, my dear.'

'That prize cucumber was grown to be eaten, young lady.'



'Time and energy well spent – it's home James and keep your trap shut . . . '

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

When a lad puts childish things behind him (as it were) and reaches out eagerly for the joys and tribulations of adulteryhood, one of the boyish companions he has to abandon is Mr Toad.

Do you remember Toad? – that engaging braggart liar, coward and womaniser from the children's classic *Toad of Toad Hall*. Toad, the most likeable, most human of all the characters one reads of as a tiny lad. What makes Toad so attractive is the simple fact that he isn't edifying in any way at all.

Fortunately, there is now available to us a fine body of virile literature in which a similarly engaging braggart, liar, coward and womaniser is all set to entertain.

His name: Flashman. Yes, that's right, the bully from Tom Brown's Schooldays, the cad expelled from Rugby for being beastly drunk.

Journalist George MacDonald Fraser had the brilliant idea a few years ago to bring Flashman back to life, in the sensual world of Victorian England, Empire and Glory. Like all great ideas, it's the simplicity that counts. Around him echo and re-echo, appear and reappear, the events, heroes and historical characters of the 1840s and onward. He saves Victoria's Indian Empire (**Flashman,** Pan, 30p); meets Abe Lincoln and the Abolitionists in America (**Flash for Freedom,** Pan 35p); saves Europe from war, despite Bismarck (**Royal Flash,** 30p). And now, I can report, the papers left to posterity by the late Brigadier-General Sir Harry Flashman VC, KCB, KCIE, and edited by MacDonald Fraser (**Flashman at the Charge,** Barrie & Jenkins, £2.25) show that in the famous Crimean War cavalry charge at Balaclava, our hero was the one man who got through the enemy lines. Very much despite himself, however.

Flashy, like the fusiliers of that rugby club song, would sooner do the other thing than fight. Coward beyond doubt, he invariably plucked glory from disaster by the bold expedient of equally invariably lying. When the enemy caught him, he usually persuaded them (though never fooling himself) that he hadn't so much been tardy in fleeing as foremost in attacking. Lending the show of reality to his imposture: the Flashman family characteristic of swelling up all red and blustering like a turkey cock – not in anger but with fear!

Flash is the kind of successful rascal who makes his way by 'taking fortune by the foreskin'. In truth, he's all for shadow, and never mind the substance. Who needs more than appearances, is the Flashman credo, and provided you know how to act on it, the principle works.

Only in one respect is Flashy forward, unhesitatingly: women. In that respect at least he followed in his father's footsteps – literally. For soon after being expelled from Rugby, he was sharing the old chap's mistress' favours:

'I came straight up behind her, took her big breasts out in either hand, stopped her gasp with my mouth, and pushed her on to the bed. She was as eager as I was, and we bounced about in rare style, first one on top and then the other.'

Good-humoured, rarely affectionate, but never a male chauvinist, Flashy lusts from bed to bed. He meets every sort of woman; green and ignorant young ones who have somehow come to believe that men can squeeze their breasts in sheer and innocent friendship but that actual fornication is a shameful thing.

A plump and sensuous Hindu mistress with an hour-glass waist, fat breasts like melons and a wobbling backside, who taught him the 97 ways of making love: 'Mind you, it is all nonsense, for the 74th position turns out to be the same as the 73rd, but with your fingers crossed.'

He learns more lingos in bed with chatty wenches than any pedagogue ever extracted from the grammar books.

He has a wild affair with Bismarck's mistress, making a dangerous enemy for the sake of that passionate Irish girl who tore and rent him, tooth and nail: 'By the time she had stopped writhing and moaning I felt as though I had been coupling with a roll of barbed wire. I was bruised, scratched, bitten and stabbed from neck to backside. "On Guard!" was her war-cry before a tumble.'

Of course, the fair sex gets Flashman into trouble. Once a fat German baroness deliberately seduces him, getting his fine dress-uniform trousers down to his knees and squirming her fat backside against him: 'No woman does that to me twice; I'm too susceptible. I seized handfuls of her and began thrusting away. I buried my face in the blonde curls at the nape of her neck, and she squealed in excitement.'

Then in burst a trio of officials, and there is Flashy, done for *in fiagrante delicto*, before he's properly done for, so to speak, arrested and blackmailed into a complicated plot by his former cuckold Otto von Bismarck (yes, *the* Bismarck).

Mind you, Flashy's never down but what he gets up again, every way. O von B forces him into marriage with a seemingly cold-as-ice German princess. First thrust that diplomatic marriage night, she lay still as a corpse. Later:

'What should awaken me, but a tiny hand creeping across my thigh, and long hair snuggling up to my face, and I thought, well, damme, royal or not, they're all alike under the skin. I was beat, I can tell you, but one must act like a gentleman, so I went to work again, and this time she clung like a leech . . . all chaste purity to look at, maidenly beauty personified. and randy as a monkey.'

In Africa he fights spear-wielding, bosom swinging, nut-cracking Amazons. On the slave boat he bobby-shaftoes a big black lively wench, teaching her to say 'Me Lady Caroline Lamb. Me best rattle in Balliol College'. In America he discovers the brothels of old Dixieland ('outside New Orleans, fornication was still in its infancy'), making a calculated point of seducing in 45 minutes a splendid buxom middle-aged madame for the very reasonable sake of getting free board (not to mention bawd) and lodging:

'After half an hour we were quite intimate, and I was murmuring in her ear and tweaking

Tantra is the Indian cult of ecstasy. This picture, from a new fully illustrated book on the subject ('Tantra', published by Thames and Hudson at £1·50, 128 pages), comes from a 19th century manuscript depicting various 'postures of love'. Sexual intercourse is the principal form of enjoyment practised by the cult.

her bottom while she giggled and called me a great sauce. With 40 minutes gone I was unbuttoning her dress at the back – I have uncanny skill at this – and in a trice I had her standing in her corset. Before she could turn round I had impaled her, and was subsiding into a chair with her on my lap. She gave one protesting squeal, and then lay back against me – God, what a weight she was! I thought my thigh-bones would crack, but I bulled away for all I was worth, and the baggage revelled in it, plunging and writhing until I thought we must go over, chair and all. The clock chimed the three-quarters, I remember, just as we finished. This broke the ice splendidly, of course . . .'

Despite his taste for older women, the most sensational lovemaking in Flashman's recorded career so far takes place with a very young teenage girl indeed.

Picture the scene: in a sled, a pair of fine horses pulling it swift and sure over the snow. Wolves prowling in the forests, chasing, threatening. Fierce Cossacks in pursuit somewhere, not far behind. And here's our Flashy, old England's glory, curled up under a pile of furs with sensuous Valla, the young Russian countess: 'It struck me she might be conscious enough to enjoy some company, so I slipped a hand beneath the furs and encountered warm, plump flesh; the touch of it sent the blood pumping in my head. "Valla, my love," I whispered, just to be respectable; I could smell the sweet musky perfume of her skin. I stroked her belly, and she moaned softly, and when I felt upward and cupped her breast, she turned towards me, her lips wet against my cheek. I was shaking as I put my mouth on hers, and then in a trice I was under the rugs, wallowing away like a sailor on shore leave . . · and she clung to me passionately. It was an astonishing business, for the furs were crackling with electricity, shocking me into unprecedented efforts – I thought I knew everything in the galloping line, but I'll swear there's no more alarming way of doing it than under a pile of skins in a sled skimming through the freezing Russian night; it's like performing on a bed of fire-crackers.'

FILMS

David Quinlan

Scarecrow (X) is a kind of *Midnight Hobo*. Two drifters, Lion (Al Pacino) and Max (Gene Hackman) meet on the open road and drift along together. Max is belligerent (he's just spent six years in prison), thick, and fortunate at picking up girls with big breasts. 'Eureka!' he cries, clapping his hands on one pair whose owner happens to be lying on top of him at the time. His ambition is to pick up his meagre savings in Pittsburgh and start a car wash.

Lion, on the other hand, can see no further than the wife he deserted five years before to go to sea, and whom he now has plans to visit. Lion has a quicksilver, outgoing personality, with a zany sense of humour. Max offers him a partnership in the car-wash because 'you gave me your last match and you make me laugh.' But, as in all movies of the ilk, tragedy awaits round the bend. Hackman and Pacino (the actor who played the younger son in *The Godfather*) are both very good: so is a pneumatic brunette called Ann Wedgewood ('What jugs!' Max enthuses) as his hottest girlfriend. About the film I wasn't so sure. The incidents in themselves (such as a homosexual brush in prison which Lion, a veteran sailor, would surely have seen coming long before) are all too familiar, even if their correlation isn't. The most original sequence is a joyous impromptu striptease by Max (to the music of *The Stripper*) to save himself from bashing a tough's teeth in. Lion tells Max, who wears around six shirts and two coats, that he doesn't need a car wash. 'Just put on all your clothes,' he suggests, 'and roll over the cars.' Yes, it has its moments.

Director Herbert Ross was the man who made the Woody Allen smash, *Play It Again Sam*. His new movie, **The Last of Sheila** (AA) isn't quite in that class (it's 40 minutes longer, for one thing). But, as twisty thrillers go, it can show *Sleuth* a thing or two – and it's a sight less stagey.

The clues are all there, as the Ellery Queen books would say. All you have to do is to sort the significant from the mass of insignificant . . . Well, I was never a match for Agatha Christie and as for Mr Queen, it was like playing Bobby Fischer at chess. Not that one minds being told about the clues one missed – but it's rather humiliating to be actually shown them in flashback. So many things that one should have seen!

The victim – it's giving no secrets away to say – is James Coburn, as a movie mogul, whose wife Sheila (Yvonne Romain) was killed by a hit and run driver. He invites six people on to his yacht, each with a guilty secret. Each is given a card with a secret on it – 'You are a shoplifter, etc' – except that no-one is given his proper card. The game is to find Coburn in his shoplifter-etc guise before the person holding the card. One of the cards says: 'You are a Hit and Run Killer.'

That's only the tip of the iceberg in a plot, by Stephen Sondheim and actor Anthony Perkins, that's as ingenious as any original cinematic work for years. Director Ross tends to explain things one too many times (fine for plebs like me, but it slows things up a great deal) but the sheer intricacy of it all is enough to boggle the mind twice over. All of the cast except Raquel Welch are good (though she and Dyan Cannon look great in their bikinis). The others who may be waiting for you with an ice-pick when you get home are James Mason, Richard Benjamin, Joan Hackett and Ian McShane.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid (X) sho' is a slow-burnin' western, pardner. Why, even the blood and the bodies, not to mention them thar cockerels they keep a-shootin' the heads off'n, is in slow mo'shun. But thar's sho' some interestin' fellas in it, like that James Coburn agin as Garrett and them thar singers Kris Kristofferson an' Bob Dylan as outlaws Billy the Kid 'n' Alias, though that Kristofferson, he seems a mite fat for the part and ain't neither of 'em no great shakes as actors. I'd like to tell you sumthin' 'bout the mighty purty photography, though, friends, 'ceptin' I didn't get to see all of it. Guess I must have plumb fell asleep.

Peter Bogdanovich's **Paper Moon** (AA) is an unpretentious – actually shot in black and white! – little story of a travelling con-man (Ryan O'Neal) in the mid-Thirties. He picks up a nine-year-old girl (Ryan's daughter, Tatum) only to find that she's more adept at conning people out of a buck then he is. They enjoy a few hair-raising adventures together before . . . but that would be telling.

Nice one, Peter, though not great. Tatum O'Neal is a talented tot, but rather charmless – and that sums up the film's one weakness: it doesn't touch the heart. Gable would have had us all in tears long before the final fadeout.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Carlos Santana and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin are responsible for creating the best in today's music, with their own bands, Santana and Mahavishnu Orchestra. Now they have put their heads and hearts together and produced a superb album **Love Devotion Surrender** (CBS 69037). The two men are pictured with their guru Sri Chinmoy, who has written some beautiful words which appear on the inner sleeve. The complex rhythmic patterns, which are in the Santana style, provide a good basis for the outstanding instrumental ability of the two guitarists. Side one contains two John Coltrane compositions, 'A Love Supreme' on which there are some brilliant instrumentals over a basic chant, and 'Naima', a gentle number with two acoustic guitars. To end side one, a McLaughlin composition 'The Life Divine' which is a faster version of the opening Coltrane number. Listen closely to 'Let us go into the House of the Lord', this lasts for about a quarter of an hour and is surely the highlight of the album. The guitarists reach unsurpassed peaks of inventiveness and their distinctive styles merge to form a satisfying blend. Santana builds up to a climax and sustains certain notes to create really moving passages. McLaughlin's technique is so polished it's almost unbelievable, he's extremely fast and has a constant flow of ideas. The album ends with 'Meditation', a McLaughlin composition on which he plays piano, with Santana's delicate acoustic guitar phrasing flowing peacefully.

If you didn't get the early Pentangle recordings when they were first released, here's your chance to get some of the best group folk music at the unbeatable price of 94p. **Pentangling** (Transatlantic TRA SAM 29) is a selection of tracks from their albums 'The Pentangle', 'Sweet Child', 'Basket of Light', 'Reflection' and 'Cruel Sister'. The title track has a strong bluesy feel and Bert Jansch and John Renbourn play some nice guitar, Danny Thomson's double bass combines freshness with maturity and professionalism. Terry Cox's drumming is effective and never becomes too powerful for the rest of the group. Jaqui McShee has a beautiful voice ideally suited to traditional material. A pleasant album then, and excellent value.

Average White Band are a tight and funky soul band from Scotland, they have a solid back beat, heavy bass and strident brass sound. **Show Your Hand** (MCA MUPS 486) their debut album, shows that they have a thorough understanding and ability to play the type of music which has previously only been really well recorded in America. The vocals are strong, gutsy and unpretentious. Side one opens with 'The Jugglers' which surges along, there's a fine alto solo from Roger Ball and the band perform as a cohesive unit. This is followed by 'This World Has Music' which was written by Bonnie Bramlett. AWB have captured the essence of all that is good in 'soul-rock', they have strength and control, taste and ability. 'Twilight Zone' is a calmer track and 'Put it where you want it' is a great funky rockin' end to side one. The title track has been released as a single backed by 'The Jugglers'.

There's a lot of feeling and effort gone into making this album and the end result is certainly well above average.

Fred McDowell has a subtle, almost gentle, blues style **Mississippi Delta Blues** (Black Lion select 2460193) shows the remarkable interplay between his voice and guitar. He is not a brilliant instrumentalist and his voice is not exactly powerful, but he is one of the most impressive bluesmen to emerge from what is now known as the Mississippi tradition. His music is totally honest, truly reflecting his own feelings and experiences.

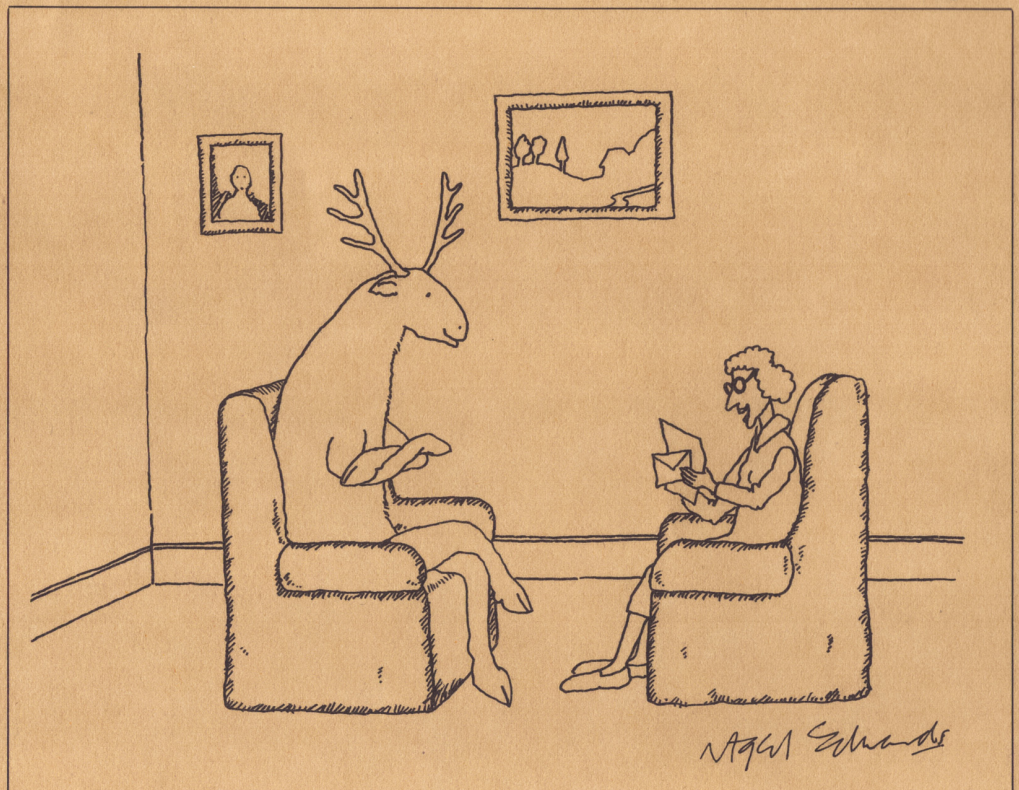
'Some Day Baby' the opening track demonstrates his great bottleneck technique. The style is relaxed and economical, yet nevertheless forceful.

Currently there are available many excellent blues re-releases. From Polydor's Juke Blues series we have John Lee Hooker **Slim's Stomp** (Polydor super 2310 256). This is an exceptionally fine album. 16 tracks were originally recorded in 1948, 49 and 50 in less than perfect conditions, and later had drums added. Now they have been re-mastered in Polydor's studios to present the music as it originally sounded, and although there is still slight distortion the atmosphere and spontaneity make up for it. John Lee Hooker is a great blues artist, his guitar playing provides a strong basic pulse and his voice is full of feeling.

Also from the Juke Blues series is Elmore James and Walter 'Mumbles' Horton **Cotton Patch Hotfoots** (Polydor 2383 200). Elmore James was strongly influenced by Robert Johnson, he adopted 'Dust my broom' as his trademark. This sound, played with a slide, is present on these previously unreleased tracks. Elmore was at the peak of his career in the early fifties when these tracks were cut. He is accompanied by sax, piano, bass and drums. His work was to have a lasting effect on the British blues movement of the sixties through to the rock music of today.

The Walter Horton tracks are very rare, most of his early work has not been heard. Horton sings and plays harmonica with sidemen on piano, guitar and drums. He has an earthy voice and versatile harmonica technique.

The release of this previously unavailable material is a rare treat for all blues lovers.



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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Well, we expect you've now returned from your foreign holiday, more than ever aware of the variations in the cost of drink, food and entertainment charges when you compare them with the prices you pay in England.

Perhaps you've been enjoying Spanish Champagne at 25 new pence per bottle – or perhaps you paid £30 for a meal for two at Maxim's in Paris, as my host did last week. (Thank God I didn't have to pick up the tab.)

Or maybe you paid £3.40 for the use of two mattresses for one day, on the beach of the Carlton at Cannes – and remembered that the same thing in Palma costs 60 pesetas (40 new pence). The beach at Cannes was very expensive this year – a parasol to protect your head from the sun cost eight francs (80 new pence) and two Cokes and ice creams produced a bill of £2 (although the ice creams were admittedly in the super sundae class) so you've spent nearly seven pounds just for the privilege of being on the beach at Cannes, before the buffet lunch with wine (£4 per head) and the various cold drinks, sun lotions, and other paraphernalia have been costed. In the South of France this year £20 could easily be spent just in the daytime before going out in the evening.

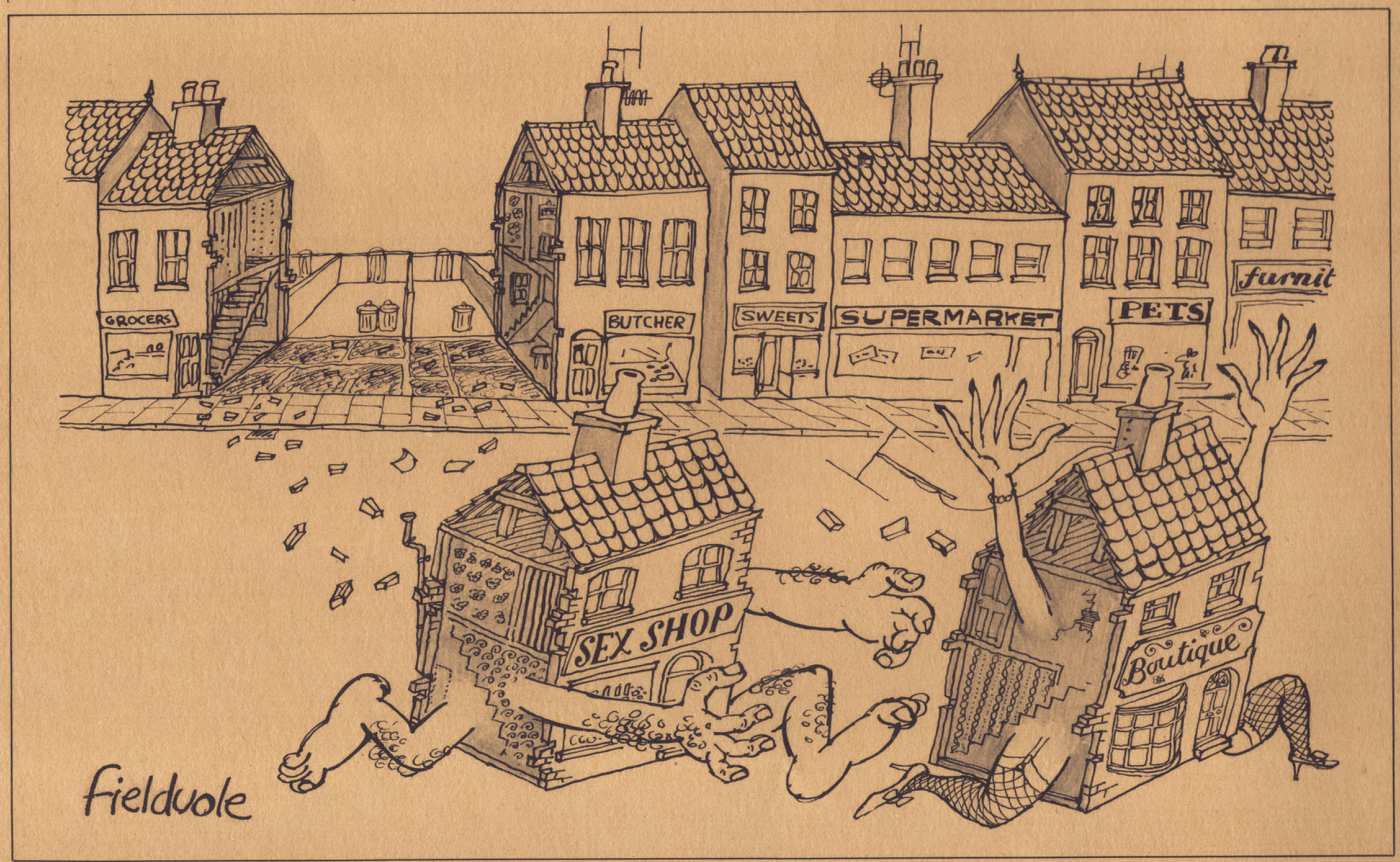
Well, what's been happening at home whilst you've been away? Things are not quite as good as they used to be here. In your off-licence non-vintage champagne is now £3.50 per bottle for, say, Moet et Chandon, and it has now become much cheaper to give a cocktail party with unlimited whisky (at £2.50 per bottle of 32 measures) than a champagne party (with six glasses out of a bottle of champagne). In fact, you can serve five times as many whisky and waters (32) as glasses of champagne (six) and still have a pound in your pocket. It rather looks as if champagne has priced itself out of the market place now.

If you've just returned from the Mediterranean, chances are that you'll have wondered why we don't have any of those magnificent marinas in London if we are meant to be such a sea-fairin', boat-loving race. Well, London's first yacht harbour, situated in the Pool of London right under the shadow of Tower Bridge, is nearing completion and with a dozen restaurants, bars and clubs in the complex it should become quite an entertainment centre. Overlooking the whole area is **The Tower Hotel** with an impressive 826 bedrooms and eight penthouses giving magnificent views of the Tower of London and Tower Bridge. You may have to stay a couple of days if you wish to see the bridge go up as the traffic of large ships is not sufficient to warrant the opening of the bridge gates every day. However, the Mediterranean has truly come to London with the Tower Hotel's exotic floodlit marina.

If the Mediterranean look has arrived in London, the Chinese look is expanding in London with the opening of a luxurious night club (membership costs £10 per annum) over the well established Manchurian Restaurant at 42 Baker Street. The Club, called the **Akasaka** is open nightly from 8 pm and you are looked after by a bevy of good looking Chinese girls, who are as attentive as only a Chinese girl can be – and the food is good too.

The French Bistro look has established itself firmly as a restaurant called **Teddy Bears Picnic** at 457 Fulham Road, SW10, where half of London University seems to feed adequately and drink excessively in a candlelit cellar that happens to be the ground floor. Good food is served at very low prices to a hectic guitar background and a noisy, satisfied clientele. Be prepared to be jostled, crowded and above all wear something cool that absorbs spilt wine well.

At the other end of the town our good friend the **Wig and Pen Club** has had a minor face lift, and received some new stained-glass windows and some handsome wrought iron and copper gates, which have been so well chosen to blend in with the existing olde worlde (genuine) decor that I completely failed to notice the additions. The restaurant still serves breakfast till 5 pm, and then carries on with lunch and dinner until 11 pm, a life pattern which fits admirably with mine. So you can dine at the Pig and When throughout the day. In fact, it's four pm now – I think I'll grab a liver and bacon breakfast at the Pig. Good morning everybody.



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BIRGETTA

Oxford is full of chemists. Not the corner shop kind, but the budding Robert Boyles and curious Cavendishes, the future Imperial chemists of the research and development labs. Why such a violent chemical reaction? The answer may well lie in the laboratories. Or more specifically the laboratory assistants, like cool and curvaceous Birgetta. 'I was told that the lab. assistants get dated more than any other girls in the town,' said this exquisitely proportioned 22-year -old. 'Now I've worked there I must admit that it's absolutely true. You have to go around avoiding conversations to get the job done.' Who we asked, could blame them? A white laboratory coat might sound the perfect passion killer, but not on Birgetta.

Starched white linen stretches board hard across the perfect platform of her breasts, swivels with unconscious provocation over the firmness of her thighs. Naked, every promise is fulfilled. Each taut, tanned inch of her 36–24–34 screams explicit intimacies. 'I find the students fascinating,' she told us .'They might be studying the same subject but their backgrounds vary enormously. And their chat. The public schoolboys are always terribly confident. The grammar school lads tend to be raving sex maniacs. It's all that work and no play, I suppose. I went to the cinema with one boy who had topics of conversation written in biro on his wrist. It was utterly amazing.' Birgetta – the name comes from her Scandinavian grandmother– was born on the far side of the North Sea where she spent the first two years of her life before starting for England. 'I was never particularly interested in the sciences,' she said, though her father worked in the field. Somehow she 'just gravitated' towards advanced studies in Physics, Zoology and Chemistry.

'Basically I didn't want to sit at an office desk, neither did I want to spend years poring over degree text books.' Despite the temptations of the chem. lab. she is, she insists, 'serious minded. I really enjoy classical music. and I always try and get down to the proms when they're on. My big favourite is Sibelius, though he doesn't seem too popular down there at the moment. He must be my Nordic streak coming out. My grandmother was a Finn.' It was, we ventured a little difficult to concentrate on that serious mind when confronted by a pair of such fabulous breasts. 'That,' she replied demurely 'must be your problem.' It's one we thought was better solved by sharing.

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Something for the surgeon

The body snatchers worked with ropes and hooks at dead of night, hauling fresh corpses from their graves to sell to the surgeons at up to £15 a time

By Nick Witchell

On April 10 1739 the career of this country's most famous highwayman, Dick Turpin, ended when he swung from the gallows at York.

After the execution Turpin's body was carried to the Blue Boar Inn in the Castlegate district of the city where it remained until being removed and buried at St George's church the following morning.

Many people must have slept more peacefully in their beds that night. Turpin, however, was not allowed a similar luxury for at 3 am the following morning his coffin was found lying beside the excavated grave, empty.

Dick Turpin, the man whose life had been a challenge to law and decency had, in death, himself become a victim of perhaps the most macabre and unpleasant crime this country has ever known. His body had been snatched by the resurrectionists to provide 'something for the surgeon'.

During the eighteenth century the advance of medical science necessitated the provision of dead human bodies for the anatomical schools. Since the law only provided the bodies of executed murderers for such a purpose, an illicit but nevertheless very profitable trade arose which reached its peak during the first 30 years of the nineteenth century. It was only finally ended by the passage of the Anatomy Act in 1832, which created a legal supply sufficient to meet medical needs.

However, for over 50 years men such as the 'Edinburgh Monsters', Burke and Hare, their London equivalents, Bishop and Williams, 'Corpse-King' Ben Crouch and the inimitable team of Merry Andrew, 'The Mole', Spune and 'Praying Howard' grew rich at the expense of the most personal feelings of people all over the country. Never again was the phrase 'worth more dead than alive' to have such an ominous significance, with bodies fetching up to £15 each for a good or particularly interesting specimen.

Turpin was fortunate, his body was found the same day in the garden of a local surgeon. After being paraded triumphantly through the streets on a stretcher it was re-interred in a coffin filled with quicklime and re-buried nine feet deep where, as far as is known, it remained undisturbed.

To some criminals, of course, the prospect of dissection was preferable to being left to rot on the gibbet, where one might remain on display for years. At Portsmouth, for instance, one character became an accepted navigational aid to the Royal Navy as he swung gently in the breeze.

Apprehension amongst condemned men and women at the prospect of being 'anatomized' was heightened by the possibility that the hangman would not complete his task and that they would be cut up alive.

In 1728 'Half-Hangit' Maggie Dickson was executed in Edinburgh. There followed an unpleasant tug-of-war between relatives and the mob on the one hand and medical

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Left: dirty dealing among resurrectionists. A rival gang lies in wait to snatch the corpse.

Something for the surgeon

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students on the other. After a lively battle, Maggie was hustled away by the mob in a cart and they set out for her home town of Musselburgh. Her new-found guardians must have wondered what they had let themselves in for because, 9 miles out of Edinburgh, there was a groan from the back of the cart and Maggie sat up.

Another 'executed' man, William Duell, had an even narrower escape. He was actually stretched out on the dissecting table – stripped, scrubbed and ready for incision, before a doctor noticed that he was breathing faintly. Duell thereafter became a star amongst the inmates of Newgate until he was deported.

So much for the bizarre side of the legal source of bodies. It was the illegal source – that provided by the resurrectionists – which gave rise to one of the major public scandals of the nineteenth century and which left people in a state of terror as they lay on their death beds.

In fairness to the medical world, it is necessary to draw a distinction between the surgeons and medical students who worked on the bodies and the professional resurrectionists who ruthlessly exploited the legal dilemma in which the anatomists found themselves. Although medical students frequently did their own body-snatching, their aim was the furtherance of science, whilst that of the others was, as one writer put it, 'to scrape a precarious livelihood from the foulest trade in human history'.

The stark horror of the trade was demonstrated to the inhabitants of the lonely Scottish village of Nigg one February morning in 1809 when the naked and partly decomposed body of an elderly woman was washed up on a nearby beach.

There would have been nothing unusual about such a discovery had it not been for the fact that the woman, 90 year old Mrs Janet Spark, had been buried at St Fittick's kirk three days before Christmas.

The morning after the funeral the Minister had found Mrs Spark's open grave, littered with broken pieces of her blood-stained coffin. Village people recalled having seen two young men hanging around the funeral cortege. They were medical students from Aberdeen and that night they had removed Mrs Spark's body from its resting place and, rather than transport it to Aberdeen the same night, had buried it in a dune in the Bay of Nigg. Because of the outcry that arose in the parish the students decided not to risk returning to collect the body the next night. By the time feelings had subsided the body had been washed out to sea by a storm, where it stayed until being washed up on the beach in February.

Amongst the many men who took up body snatching as a profession, there naturally emerged an elite who rendered service to some of the leading surgeons.

For example, Benjamin Crouch, the 'Corpse King' of London, became chief assistant to a man whose surgical reputation spread throughout the world of medicine, Robert Liston. These two, each the master of his own craft, often went out to collect bodies together.

Amongst their more daring feats was to rob the heavily guarded grave of a young boy who had died from water on the brain. In half an hour in broad daylight they dug through six feet of earth, smashed open a heavy coffin, decapitated the body and made their escape, stopping on their way at the local inn where the barman expressed interest at the contents of the bag carried by one of them.

On another occasion they arrived at a graveyard to find two rival gangs of body-snatchers arguing over the ownership of a freshly dug body. After a moment's thought Liston lifted his massive frame, arms outstretched, from behind a tomb-stone with a blood-curdling scream, whereupon argument was forgotten as the two gangs scrambled out of the open grave and fled. Their discretion was indeed a wise move for Liston was not a man to be trifled with. He numbered amongst his many achievements the pre-anaesthetic world record for amputating a limb. A leg in a mere 33 seconds!

This event illustrates the need for every body-snatcher to have strong nerves. Apart from the possibility of capture by those guarding the graveyards, surprises sometimes came from within the coffin.

Once two resurrectionists were disturbed as they were about to remove a body from its coffin. The cause of the disturbance, a local farm labourer, realised what was happening and decided to teach the snatchers a lesson. He climbed into the coffin in place of the body and waited. After a short while the gang returned and began discussing the best way of removing the body. As they did so, out came a voice from the coffin – 'No need to worry lads, I can rise by myself!'

And then there was the time when two resurrectionists tangled with a dark, horned beast which charged at them from the gloom. It turned out to be a goat!

Amongst Scotland's most successful body-snatchers was the sinister team of Andrew Merriless ('Merry Andrew'), Mowat ('The Mole'), Spune and Praying Howard.

Merriless, the brains of the outfit, was rather similar in appearance to the goods with which he dealt – being very thin and gaunt. Mowat and Spune provided the brawn – the former digging and the latter heaving the bodies from the coffins. Howard was the 'front-man', attending

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'Can I borrow your horny little devil for a spell?'

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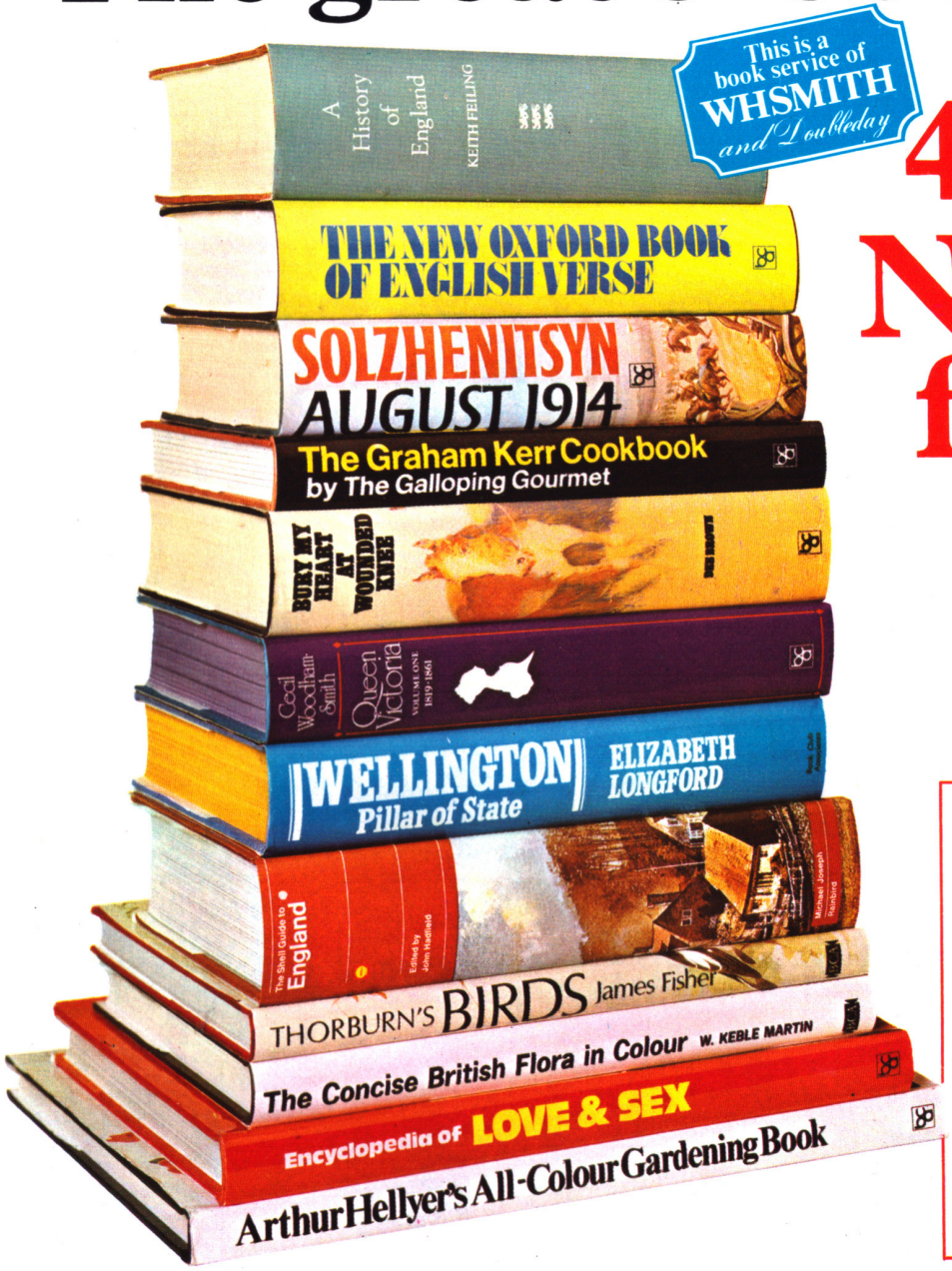

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Something for the surgeon

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funerals and tipping the team off about the location of the richest sources.

Most of the time the team operated with great success, but inevitably there was the occasional attempt to swindle each other, such as the time Spune and the Mole tried to sell the body of Merry Andrew's elder sister.

When they heard of the death of their boss' sister, they hurried off in a pedlar's cart to the cemetery and started digging. However, Merry Andrew, suspicious of their sudden departure and unusual display of initiative, followed them.

He waited until the coffin was unearthed and then re-enacted Robert Liston's action by jumping out from behind a gravestone dressed in a white shroud and shrieking wildly. His colleagues took to their heels, leaving Merry Andrew to remove his sister's body and depart in high spirits to Edinburgh, where he sold it.

For many years the techniques of body-snatching remained a closely guarded secret. The speed with which the professional snatchers worked was a source of uneasy amazement to those charged with protecting the graves. One man told Warburton's Select Committee set up in 1828 to investigate the whole problem that he had excavated 23 bodies in four nights.

The diary of a London resurrectionist, Joseph Naples of the Borough gang, is a rather disturbing tribute to their efficiency. 'Wednesday, December 2 1812: Ben and I went to St Thomas' Crib. Got one adult. Bill and Jack went to Guy's Crib. Got two adults. Took them to St Thomas'. Came home. Met at St Thomas'. Me and Jack went to Tottenham. Got four adults. Ben and Bill went to St Pancras. Got six adults, one small and one foetus. Took the Tottenham lot to Wilson, the St Pancras lot to Barts'.

The tools of the snatchers consisted of ropes, hooks, sacks, pickaxes, a plentiful supply of liquor and specially shaped short, wooden shovels designed to lessen noise. One group even went to the trouble of constructing a telescopic pole with a hook on the end to pull bodies from coffins as they lay in the grave.

Upon arrival at the grave the gang would first memorize the layout so that everything could be replaced in the original form. Early body-snatchers would frequently leave the grave open and make no attempt to hide their work. However as the demand for bodies grew it became necessary to return to old haunts time after time and it was therefore important to prevent any suspicion and the subsequent use of guards.

Once the top layer of material was carefully removed and set aside, a hole was dug over the position where the head and shoulders lay. When the top half of the coffin was unearthed, hooks and levers were used to prize open the lid, which was then snapped off under the weight of earth covering the remainder of the coffin.

The body was hauled out with ropes, stripped, doubled in half, tied up and placed in the sack. The earth was then replaced and the grave top tidied up to remove all traces of the robbery.

Such was the care taken in the cover-up operations that the resurrectionists were often able to work a particular graveyard for years without the local community realising what was happening in their midst at the dead of night. It was only after the red-handed capture of a group of snatchers at a small town in Ayrshire in 1829 that the villagers discovered 22 of their graves were empty.

Personal recollections by resurrectionists are rare, simply because the participants did not care to place tales of their gruesome deeds on record. However, one man, Francis Cherihew, a medical student and aspiring journalist, did write an account of his first experience of body-snatching.

'I leapt into the grave and dug like desperation till the perspiration ran off my face in torrents. Soon I heard my spade strike joyously on the coffin lid. My companion then placed the middle of the rope below the edge of the lid of the coffin. We then stood on each side of the grave and getting hold of the ends of the rope, gave a long and strong pull. An infernal crash succeeded, as the lid broke across the centre. Then he slung the ropes around the subject and slowly we dragged the dead man up. Just as we got him to the surface out flashed the moon, full on his wan, discoloured face. His dull, glassy eyes were wide open, and, as I thought, leered knowingly on me. His blue, lurid lips were drawn back and showed his white teeth, his arms hung dangling to the ground and his head rolled about on his shoulders. In a trice he was stripped of the graveclothes, tied neck and heels and bundled into the sack. We pitched him over the wall and two of my comrades set off with him to the gig while Peter and myself remained to fill up the grave.'

Faced with the threat of graveyard pillaging, church authorities and relatives of the deceased often combined to try and thwart the body-snatchers. Coffins were encased in metal grill mort-safes or were laid to rest under heavy stone slabs. After six weeks or so, when the bodies would no longer be suitable for dissection, the contraptions were removed and moved on to another grave.

Flat, table-top gravestones provided a decorative though somewhat ineffective deterent. Burial vaults, where coffins could be stored safely for several weeks before burial, were more successful, but their cost (an average sized one cost about £120) restricted their use. A cheaper form of protection was an iron coffin, patented by a London undertaker, Edward Bridgman in 1818, which cost £31 each. The one drawback was that they were unpopular with the church because they were imperishable and in several cases churches refused to bury people in the iron coffin.

And so if all these and other devices, which included landmines and boobytrapped rifles and blunderbusses, failed, the only alternative was for the friends and relatives of the dead person to mount guard in the cemeteries from specially constructed watch-houses, many of which still stand as decaying epitaphs to the 'sack-'em-up-men'. With such large profits for the taking – one London body-snatcher was paid nearly £150 for one evening's delivery of 12 bodies to Sir Astley Cooper, President of the Royal College of Surgeons – the trade inevitably attracted those who favoured the short-cut to wealth.

To William Burke and William Hare the 'short-cut' meant never actually soiling their hands in a graveyard. They operated a more direct service – during nine months in 1828 they ensured themselves of a permanent place in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors by murdering 16 people and delivering the still-warm bodies to one of Edinburgh's leading surgeons, Dr Robert Knox.

Most of the victims were lodgers at Hare's

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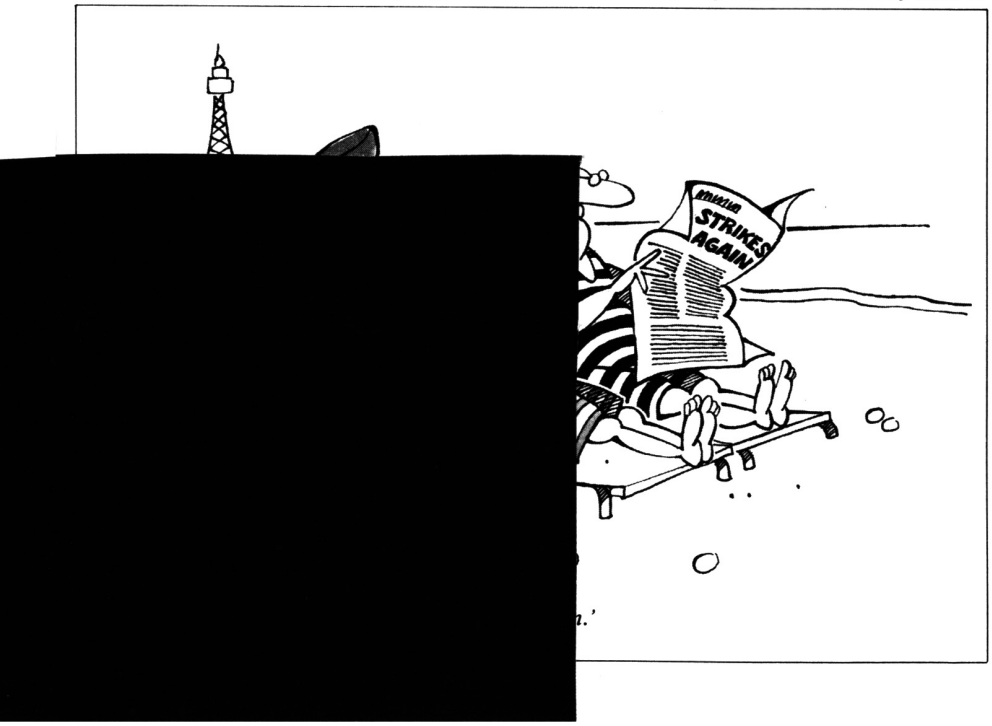

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Look carefully at these pictures. Put an X across the three that most appeal to you. (MC)

Dateline

Now send this whole page to: Dateline, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. (01-937 0102). Within a few days you will receive the computer's choice of your perfect partner. Exciting isn't it?

Girls who want high-rise reactions should wear old-fashioned foundations

Mike George and artist Ronald Cobb look into the lingerie that turns most men on

Topless at St Trop. Braless in Bohemia. Briefless in the heat or in the mood or in or out of tights. In short, nudity is rife. There is a flesh glut on. Such is the mode of the modern miss.

So what of the oft' heard plaintive cry that something is better than nothing when it comes to arranging female flesh for display? Many girls – while quite inhibitionless at heart or in the confines of the boudoir, private swimming pool or hayfield – down the High Street on a Saturday morning still feel it is 'not quite nice' to sally forth *sans* knickers and things. So, what do they do? For the sake of propriety and Mother, they don same. Ahaaa! But here comes the rub. There is always the chance of a force eight gale whipping round the supermarket doorway – or even a slight (if inadvertent) sprawl in the roadside before a slowly prowling E-Type – so, the dolly who is aware will invariably endeavour to wear something that is just 'a little different', or skimpier, or brighter, or tighter, or looser, than her run of the mill contemporaries.

I suppose it is fair to assume that women did stumble in front of horse drawn carriages, but their apparel in those days was so voluminous that their under garments never really got a look in. Or out. It was not until the '20s and '30s and those supercharged Bentleys gurgling along the curbstones that girls really started tumbling about the gutters in front of them. And what did they wear in which to indulge this pastime? Camiknickers. Those lace edged French concoctions that flared widely from the hip like skimpy lace culottes and gave true meaning to the word 'access'.

Popular belief has it that whatever a woman's mode of attire when a young boy becomes first aware of her (his schoolmistress sitting on the desk in front of Class One) it embeds itself lasciviously in his subconscious to emerge later in sexual maturity as a mild fetish. Judging by the sudden activity whenever illustrated today, it would seem indicative that many a school ma'am in the '30s must have worn camiknicks to work in Classes One – everywhere. (And straddled the front desks a lot, as well).

Certainly today's young miss whose skirt loses control in the High Street and reveals that camiknickers are her current penchant, will be rewarded by the scurrying agreement of a surprising number of male passers by.

We have seen baggy slacks, pegged and flared and bell bottomed jeans but whatever the trouser's bottoms do there is one thing any dolly bird worthy of her title will always do and that is to ensure that her own bottom is encased as tightly as is excrutiatingly possible. The jostle, jounce, jiggle, twitch and flick of those heaven shaped orbs that constitute the female backside are enhanced one millionfold by the degree of restriction afforded their movement by the garment encompassing them. Straining at joist and seam, material rucking into cracks and folds, all accentuates to perfection the smooth, taut, drum like surface of what is oft' referred to in the vernacular as 'the cheeks of her arse'.

All is delightfully exaggerated beneath the latex-like outer surface of her provocatively postulating posterior and enables her to

advertise glaringly to the masculine world at large the answer to their next question. Is there or is there not an exciting tell tale line? Is she or is she not wearing panties? If she's not, then *whoopee*! But if she is, then even more *whoopee*!! 'Cos chances are they could be *nylon panties*.

Who of the male sex with red blood in his veins – or any blood at all, for that matter – can fail to become excited at the prospect of encountering a warm, wet, downy female nether region figuratively protected by nought but a skimpy pair of see-through, look-through, feel-through, push-through nylon panties as delightfully useless as a piece of soggy rice paper vainly endeavouring to prevent a cookie getting nibbled.

Oh sure, they may be old hat to some. They were all the rage in the '60s after all, and have been superseded by sequined 'G' strings galore since then. But when all is said and done, she's not much of a man-hungry wench who doesn't have at least a couple of pairs of nylon panties to hand for regular use, is she!

What is it that is usually black and red lace, looks naughty and simultaneously pushes up and over and out, clinches in and suspends? – A waspie!

Redolent of the saloon gals of the Old West and Paris in the naughty '90s, the waspie became very popular again in the '50s when our then Mayfairesses needed to nip their pretty little waists in even further to accentuate themselves in contrast to the long flaired skirts then being worn.

It produces a waist around which you can put your hands and still leave one spare with which to caress hips and thighs which have been rendered even more tautly curvaceous than they were in the first place. Add to this tantalising soufflé two black suspenders plunging outwards and over like absailers' lifelines and I leave your imagination to take it from there. Suffice to say there is a case for waspies.

Lastly, but by no means least let us look now at the Pools winner's libido raiser. The special birthday treat for all bad boys, good boys and boys over ten. I speak, gentlemen (and you, sneaky ladies, God bless you all, who are reading this over your man's shoulder in the lamplight on the carpet) of . . . Black stockings and suspender belts. *Ohhh*!

Why do these bits of kit have such a magnetic, hypnotic, pulverising and drool-inducing effect on all we poor 20th century breadwinners? The atomic bomb was one hell of a weapon and put the mockers on the western world yet it was as nothing compared to this weapon all women could hold in their bottom drawer armoury with which (if they so desire) they are capable of rendering the whole of mankind weak at his knees.

Black stockings and suspender belts! They should be standard issue from mothers to daughters. (Except in the Afro nations, where they should be white). And therein, perhaps, lies the secret of their appeal. The contrast between stocking top and thigh? Certainly it is the colour that is important. Red, yellow, blue, green or red tights even during carnival week do less for me than cold rice . . . but black! Fishnet!! Seamed!!! Oh man, we are getting warm. Harken now to that roll on the drums. Fasten your eyes on the crimson curtain rising. Let heart and pulse palpitate as with a mighty clash of cymbal the spotlight illuminates and glorifies a statuesque, goddess atop a velvet plinth wearing . . . black stockings and high heels, with black suspenders against a heaven invested backcloth of creamy white thighs!

There she stands. A reminder to mankind and womankind of what being a woman is *all* about. My God – they should stage such a spectacle annually in darkened Olympic stadiums throughout the world and any woman thereafter who could not open her bedside drawer with a flourish of pride to reveal black stockings and suspender belt should by law be put out to grass.

All these items of feminine apparel here reminisced over and resuscitated, have at some time established themselves as universally appealing to man. The exciting dolly woman sees no reason to discard them from her wardrobe today merely to comply with the seemingly all pervasive dictates of whimsical fashion.

Any bird can serve up a steak. It's the sauce that makes the difference. Certain female attire retains an undisputed and perennial appeal to mankind at large. Woe betide the lass who mocks this fact. All strength and happiness to she who does. She will have her devious little ways of us for as long as she may choose. Anyhow, anyplace . . . at anytime.

Something for the surgeon

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house in the West Port district of Edinburgh. With the help of Hare's wife Margaret and Burke's mistress, Helen McDougal, homeless beggars and strangers to the city were lured to the house. There they were made helpless with drink and murdered, usually by suffocation.

Amongst the many cruelties perpetrated by this fiendish pair was the murder of a woman and her deaf mute son. Burke murdered the boy by breaking his back over his knee and later confessed that the boy's dying expression would haunt him into eternity. The two bodies fetched £16 from Dr Knox who, it appears, never asked any questions about the manner in which such fresh specimens were procured. On the way to Dr Knox's rooms the horse pulling the cart collapsed. Burke and Hare sold it – to a knacker!

The West Port murderers also claimed the lives of two well known city personalities – killings which were as ill-advised as they were callous since the disappearance of the two naturally aroused suspicion. One of the victims was Mary Peterson, a widely patronised Edinburgh prostitute, whose body was kept in whisky for three months by Knox so that it could be admired. One of his students wrote:

'Her body could not fail to attract attention by its voluptuous form and beauty. Students crowded around the table on which she lay and artists came to study a model worthy of Phidias and the best Greek art.'

The other murdered 'celebrity' was James Wilson – 'Daft Jamie' – the city's 18 year old simpleton. He walked the streets, running in terror when challenged to a fight by tiny children. He was led to his death by Hare's wife, in her own words, 'like a dumb lamb to the slaughter.'

Burke and Hare claimed one further victim after Daft Jamie, one Madge Docherty. However, this time the murderers were careless. The woman's naked body was left under a pile of straw in the hall, where it was found by two other lodgers who had become suspicious at the disturbance of the previous night.

Burke was hanged on January 27 1829 before a crowd of about 25,000. The following day his body was put on show in the medical school of the city's University and some 30,000 people queued to gaze at it. The next day it was dissected and his skeleton was given a place of honour in the University museum, where it still remains.

Hare, because he had turned King's Evidence against his accomplice, was pardoned and just managed to escape a lynch mob before fleeing to London. It is believed that he spent the rest of his life roaming the streets as a beggar.

So ended the lives of two of this country's most notorious murderers. The only possible benefit their activities conferred on the community was to inflame public opinion and hasten the work of the Select Committee studying the whole question of body-snatching.

The Committee's work became even more urgent when the public became aware of the activities of John Bishop and Thomas Williams, the London equivalents to Burke and Hare. In 1831 they murdered three people by drowning them in a well and sold their bodies to the medical schools. However, the London anatomists showed more discretion than their Edinburgh colleagues and when the newly killed body of a small Italian boy was delivered to King's College the police were summoned. Bishop and Williams were arrested and, after questioning, were charged with murder. When asked what his trade was, Bishop is reputed to have screamed: 'I'm a bloody body-snatcher!'

The ghoulish scenes of the Edinburgh mob were repeated in London on December 5 1831, when the two men were hanged before an audience of about 100,000.

On December 15 Sir Henry Warburton introduced the Anatomy Act to the House of Commons. By the following May it had become law and public disquiet subsided. Henceforward the bodies of men and women who died in hospitals and poor houses and which were not claimed within 72 hours were to be sold for dissection. The Resurrectionists were redundant.

No longer would there be any relevance for rhymes such as one penned by Thomas Hood:

And as for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row
And t'others in the City!

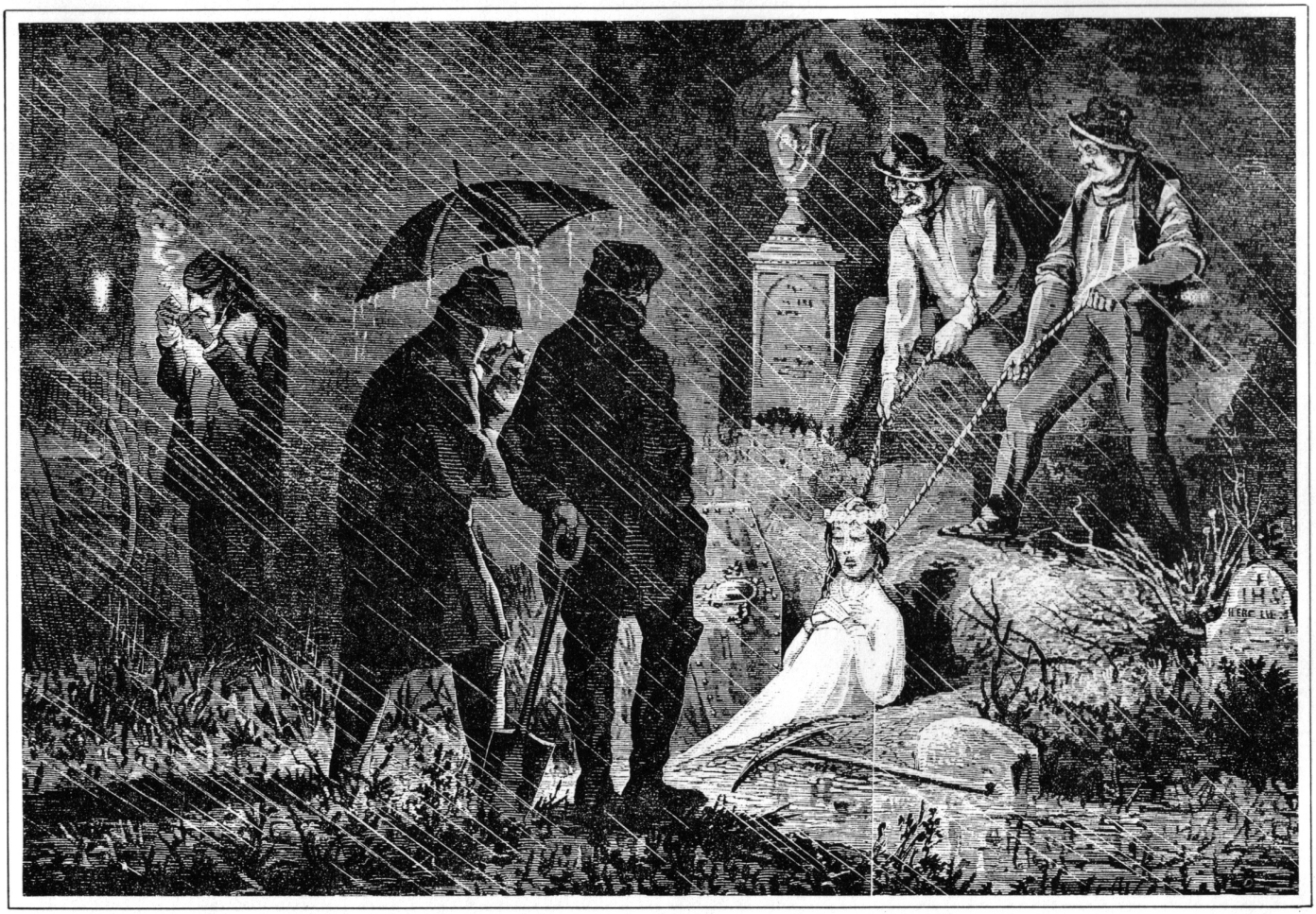

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ILLUSTRATION BY JO WRIGHT.

I've shown you mine, now show me yours

Sex education for the young was not always the calm, collected procedure it has become today

Nostalgia by Oliver Parker

Today, it seems, every tot at nursery school is issued with the latest text book demonstrating 'how babies are made' and just precisely what Daddy does to Mummy when the bedsprings creak. It was not ever thus. Any of us who were scruffy urchins in the thirties will remember, with amusement and perhaps sadness, the odd ways in which we learnt about love making.

I owe my own first glimmers of knowledge to my pal Sammy and his younger brother Freddie and the Great Event that happened one sunny day up in Ole Stanshaw's meadow.

I was pubeless and practical and about eight, the same as Freddie. But even I had noticed little Olive from the large family in the house by the village cross-roads – a dark sloe-eyed beauty of about nine.

It was a sunny Saturday morning and those children of the neighbourhood who'd managed to evade being roped in by their mothers for chores could be seen in the fields, lanes and back gardens, equipped with bats, balls, catapults, bows and arrows or dolls prams according to individual persuasion (I was a catapult man myself at the time). Sammy slyly approached me and asked whether I'd like to see something funny in Ole Stanshaw's meadow. It seemed that Freddie would be, for a consideration, Doing It, and Sammy

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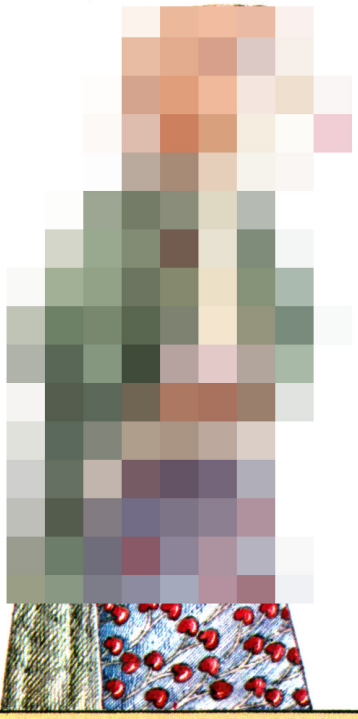

Now's the time to let your friends know what you think of them.

REMY MARTIN FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.O.P.

now show me yours

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went on to remark, just so there should be no misunderstanding, that it was rumoured that I had some toffees.

As it happened, I had. I handed him a couple which he promptly stuffed in his mouth. (After all, what are friends for if not to help you with your toffees?)

He then advised me that for the project mentioned, he would require some more for Freddie and his friend. After a moments agonised indecision and a certain amount of wrangling I entrusted him with five more toffees and we marched off into the meadow, trampling our way through the long grass.

Soon we arrived at a kind of amphitheatre of flattened grass peopled by about a dozen diminutive juveniles of both genders, but mostly boys, some loafing about, others either testing bow strings and similar items of ordnance or else simply wrestling one another. Several girls were fussing round a battered doll's pram.

Freddie was there, looking expectantly for Sammy, whom he greeted with a hopeful 'Did he give you any?' Sammy said, 'Four,' without batting an eye.

Freddie nodded briefly and looked at Olive who was seated on the ground pensively devouring a grass stalk. For a moment she continued chewing, until without comment she carefully removed the stalk from her mouth and placed it on the ground beside her. Then hitching up her frock to her chest, she reclined on to her back, deftly removing her knickers, and displaying her pink little hairless All to the assembled voyeurs. They by now had desisted from their other activities and were beginning to take an interest.

To my utter astonishment I suddenly saw that Freddie had magically divested himself of his shorts and was standing clad only in shoes, socks and jersey and I do mean 'standing'. From his pink and chubby little person projected a pink and chubby little erection, that brought murmurs of admiration from his fans. With a happy smile he shuffled round on the spot displaying it with accomplished showmanship to all points of the compass. He then lay on top of Olive.

Once upon her, there was no hesitancy or fumbling. The movements were fluid as Freddie's round little bottom pumped up and down – although from where I was sitting his first sign of manhood could have been anywhere; even in his own pudgy hand But it was all done with a fine facility that evidenced practice of a quite astonishing order, or else unparalleled natural flair.

I now know that what I saw was not sexual intercourse. It was almost certainly a much practised juvenile trick – like standing on your hands – and that either Olive or Freddie or possibly both had by chance seen grown ups 'at it' and had found that by imitating it they could earn easy toffees. But at the time I was in no doubt at all that words whispered behind the smelly loos at the village school were now proved true and that I had actually witnessed Freddie 'stuffing' Olive. (Over the passage of years and experience it is almost impossible to recreate the enormity of that marvellously illegal word 'stuffing').

This performance was of several minutes' duration, and was nicely acted. Freddie gave an impression of a certain amount of ecstasy, then slumped with a sigh and rolled off his paramour to lie for a minute panting on the ground. There was a ripple of applause from the audience, and it returned matter-of-factly to its preoccupation with bows and arrows, catapults, doll's prams and such-like things, whilst Olive, after glancing around as though to check whether there were any more takers, retrieved the grass stalk and secured it in her teeth. Then, with an easy languid grace, she replaced her knickers, and resumed chewing the cud.

Freddie, meanwhile had donned his trousers and was fastening the belt.

'Where,' enquired Olive, 'are the toffees?'

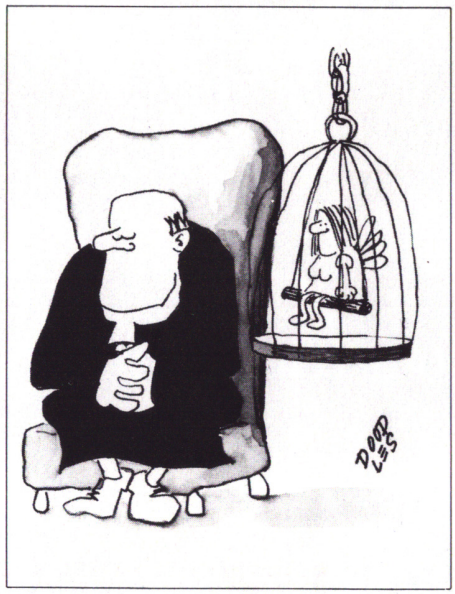
Freddie, still perspiring slightly, extracted them from his pocket and tossed her one. Olive caught it and waited in vain for more.

'You are *mean* Freddie,' she said with some bitterness but no great surprise. 'Sammy gave you four.'

'That's right,' replied Freddie, cheerfully dusting himself down, 'one for you and three for me.'

All of which no doubt accounts for the fact that when I last saw Freddie he had become a very successful bank manager, though in another part of the country, unfortunately. Pity he isn't mine. I dare say that a few judiciously timed reminiscences could ease the overdraft situation in a trice.

By several days after the episode in the meadow there were no discernible signs of effect upon me. At the age of eight I had yet to discover the transcendental delights of masturbation, except vicariously, some of one's more elderly chums appeared to be finding it a rewarding hobby, and would stage impromptu competitions in their dens and hideaways and even, as I was later to learn, in the train going to and from school. But for myself I was still relying for exercise on less sophisticated means, and on the day in question was practising variations on the technique of climbing a lamp post in our avenue.



Along came Miriam, a gingery haired little piece of about my own age, or possibly a bit younger. By this time I was hanging by my hands from the horizontal bar near the lamp glass which was a feature of those old gas lamps. She stood with her feet firmly planted apart and hands clasped behind her, staring up at me.

For a while all was silent. Then she enquired: 'Why are you up there?'

I racked my brain for a witty answer, or even a logical one, but inspiration lagged, so I attempted a careless shrug instead. Never attempt a careless shrug when you're dangling at full stretch by your hands from a lampost. It nearly dislocated my shoulder, and made my eyes water. The silence remained unbroken whilst I wished hard that she'd clear off.

Suddenly a witticism came winging to mind. 'Would you like a toffee?' I asked her. The freckled face lit up with pure greed. 'Yes please!' she said. 'Well go and get some then,' I replied with perfect timing.

I began to feel a lot better, knowing as I did that no mere girl could match such repartee. She couldn't – so she stuck out her tongue and made unpleasant noises at me instead.

But after a while it was clearly impasse. This daughter of Eve just wouldn't go away and kept thrusting her tongue out to even greater lengths until it must have ached almost as much as my arms. Clearly something had to be done and at this point the effect of my recent exposure to the Explicit Sex Act in Ole Stanshaw's meadow commenced to assert itself. A base idea formed.

'I *have* got some sweets' I lied.

Her tongue, which had looked like becoming a permanent outdoor feature, retracted slowly, and she rearranged it to utter 'I bet you haven't – Where?'

'In my pocket'. I nodded down towards my shorts, which by this time were in real danger of slipping off.

'Well come down then,' she said, bossy, but still suspicious.

I, with a show of indifference, but enormous secret relief that one could now descend without loss of face, complied, and she confronted me on the pavement.

'Well, where are they?' she urged holding out her hand demandingly. I patted the bulge which was composed of a hanky and some marbles in my trouser pocket, and tried to leer at her suggestively. It was not a success, the innuendo bypassing her completely – though I like to think that it was a fair try for a beginner – and she continued to badger me.

I decided to spell it out for her. 'First,' I said, 'you've got to take your knickers off.' That seemed to surprise her a bit. Her grasping hand subsided. 'You're daft,' she asserted. I shrugged – successfully this time – and made as though to depart. 'Wait! Wait!' she cried. 'Why must I take off my knickers?'

'Because you've got to,' I told her.

Mysteriously, she seemed to see some logic

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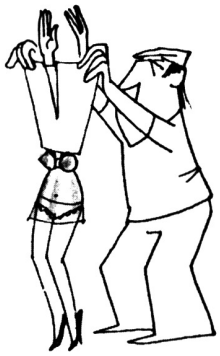
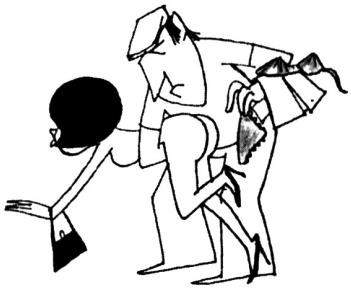
'Oh, excuse me . . .'

'Stop a moment, my dear . . .'

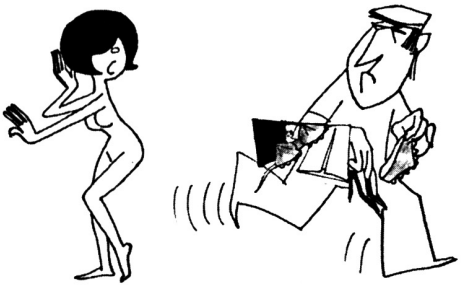


'while I take off your dress . . .'

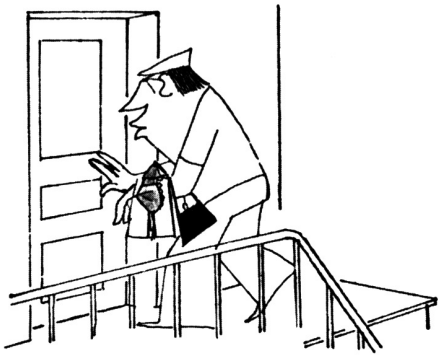
'unfasten your bra . . .'



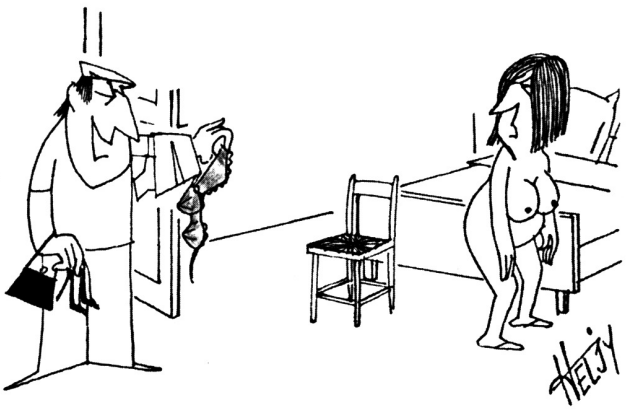
'pull down your panties . . .'



'That's all, thanks.'



'I can hardly wait . . .'



'Here, my dear, these will make you look so sexy.'

Introducing another reason Swedish women like Swedish men.

Not content with inventing blondes, the Swedes have discovered a new way with tobacco. They blend in matured bourbon whiskey. To soften the taste. Add new flavour and aroma. They call the result Borkum Riff.

You'll like its unique richness, the way it stays alight, doesn't bite.

Borkum Riff. It's not only Swedish men who find it appealing . . .

Borkum Riff. The bourbon whiskey smoke.

44p per pouch (importer's recommended price)

OBR1/C

LINDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CLIVE MCLEAN

She's a chirrupy Cockney sparrow with the happy home thoughts of dolly bird-next-door and the full-blooded sexual appeal of a seasoned sophisticat. A contradiction in terms? Not for bright-eyed and bubbling Linda Munro. Born 20 years ago in Islington, London, she regards herself as 'very ordinary. I like a laugh and a joke and I like blokes. What girl doesn't? But I never thought of myself as anything special.' An attitude borne out by her job in a fashionable Oxford Street shoe shop. There in April she was spotted by Stephanie, wife of *Mayfair* photographer Clive McLean. A top model who has already graced these pages, Stephanie assured Linda that her bold-eyed good looks and softly sleek 35–22–36 figure could enjoy a far wider audience. 'You must be joking!' was her first reaction, which rapidly changed when she viewed the results of a photographic session with Clive.' I had a fantastic time,' she enthused. 'I'd never done any sort of modelling before and I

thought I'd curl up with embarrassment. But Clive was so down-to-earth and friendly I soon felt completely at home. In fact I really enjoyed myself.' Enjoyment for Linda otherwise is a visit to a discotheque or a relaxed evening listening to records. 'I love music, especially the old fifties rock and roll. The sound's so clean and simple compared to the modern rock and the tunes are much better too.' She went to the fifties-style musical 'Grease'

and found it 'absolutely fantastic. Some people objected to the fact that they make fun of the old fashions, but things like hand-jiving were pretty ridiculous. Anyway it couldn't hurt the music. I could have listened to it all night.' Linda judges herself 'a romantic person really.' Boyfriends, she says, have been few and important. 'I can't imagine leaping from bloke to bloke whenever you want to. I don't see how you can give

yourself to someone you don't know properly and feel close to. I think you'd be kidding yourself.' Momentarily vivacity softens to a heart-quenching touch of little-girl-lost. Linda's bounce and appeal, you sense, triggers male protectiveness as much as quick-kindled lust. A pick-up-and-pocket girl. 'I'm into mature men at the moment,' she confesses. 'Round about 30, suave, but not obsessed with themselves. They don't have to be fantastically good-looking. I think men that age have got all their hang-ups worked out. They know the places to go, all the really interesting things to do.' Her ambitions remain familiar and homely. 'Eventually I want to settle down and have kids and a nice house. That sounds boring, but I'd honestly love it.' Meanwhile a world of fashion and glamour beckons. It's a long long way from that homely home and that Oxford Street shoe shop.

DRINK
Coca-Cola
RICARD

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LINDA MUNRO

Above, a glimpse, all too rare today, of massed pre-war Rileys. It was four-cylinder and six-cylinder models like these that gave Britain some of her greatest and most enduring pre-war successes in the sports and sports-racing field. Right, a 1937 1½ litre Riley Sprite. This two-seater sports car is a standard production model with its short wheelbase, full wings and spare wheel cover. Above top, the Tourist Trophy version of the same car with TT-type wings and no doors in the body. Like present day Le Mans, the rules of the Ulster Tourist Trophy demanded that competing cars should have wings and headlamps. Top right, a pair of 9 hp Brooklands. Precursors of the superbly styled Sprite, these incredibly low-slung racing cars were developed from the famed Riley Nine which caused a sensation at the 1926 Motor Show. They won their name after sweeping all before them in their first race at the famous track.

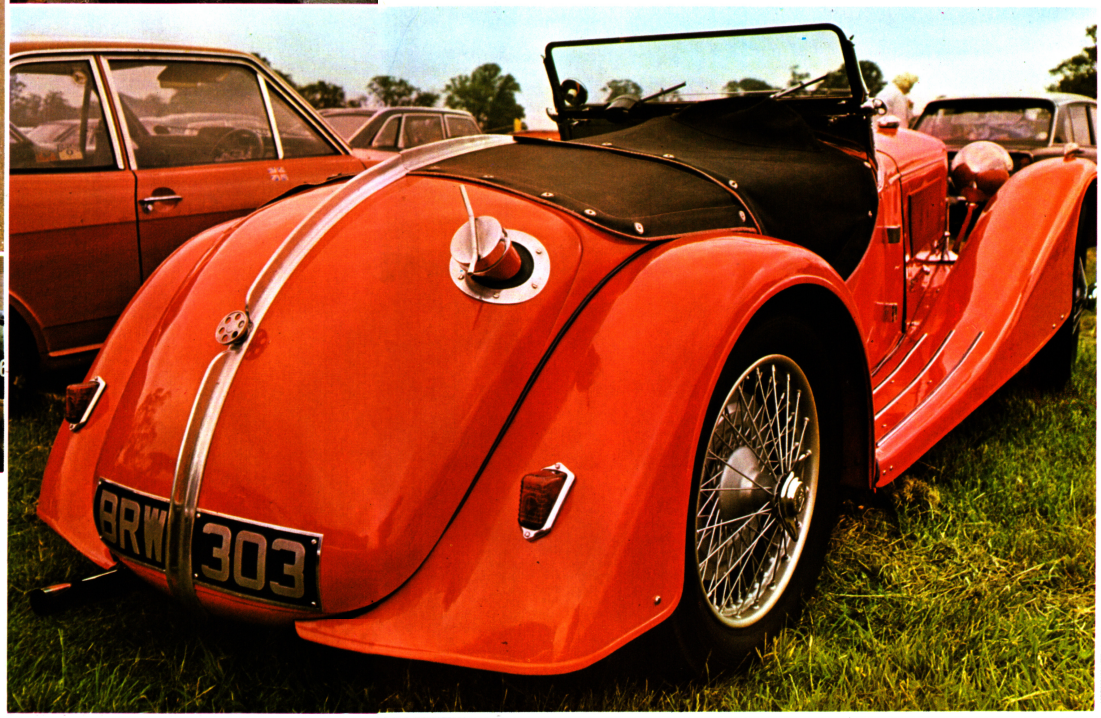
We British are mostly a modest lot and it will take a great deal of Common Market to alter us. Whether it is in sport, industry, sex or motoring, we tend to think of ourselves as backward – as Eartha Kitt complained (or did she?), the Englishman takes time.

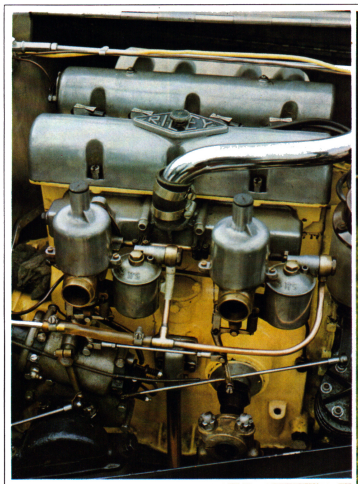
It took us a considerable time to get properly established in front-line, world champion-type motor racing. But we are there now, with Ford providing most of the power behind the current champions. Before the war we were apt to speak avidly of Alfa Romeo, Maserati, Bugatti and the like when competition motoring was discussed. Yet, you know, apart from the earlier exploits of Sunbeam, first British car to win the classic French Grand Prix and to exceed 150 and 200 mph, two British cars, the MG and the Riley, won quite a number of motor races.

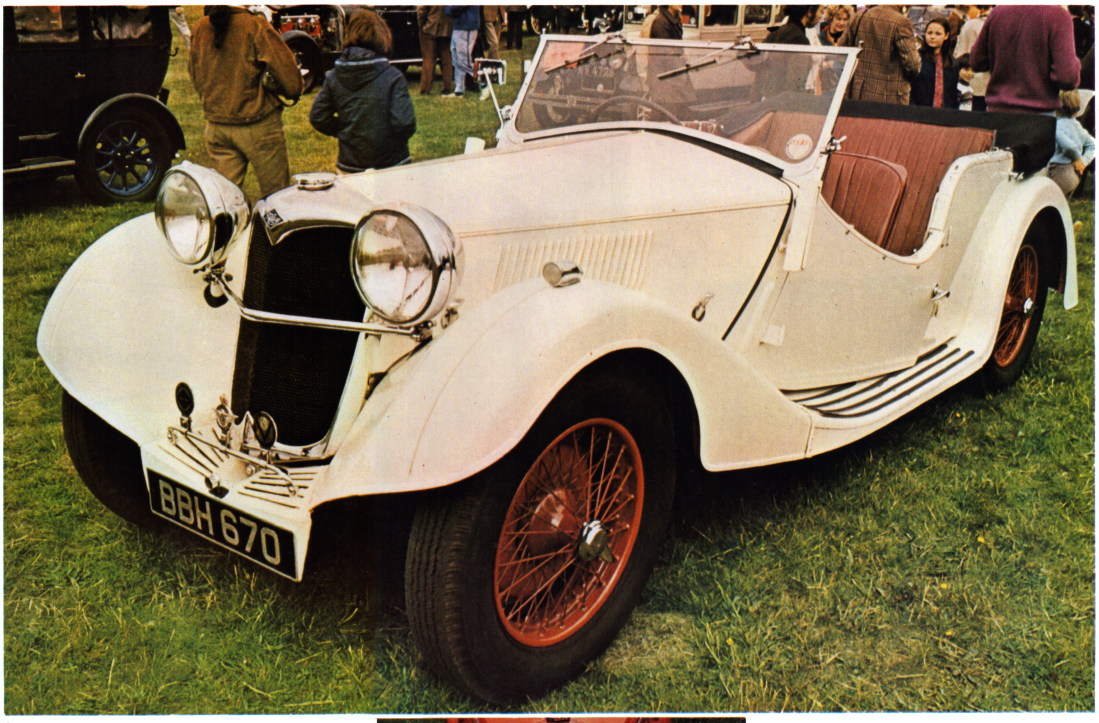
These high-speed successes undoubtedly assisted in no small measure to make them famous. When the British Motor Corporation began its massive badge-engineering it was careful to dress up some of its Morris, Austin or Issigonis

THE LIFE OF Riley

William Boddy looks fondly at the blue diamond trademark. Pictures by Andrew Morland







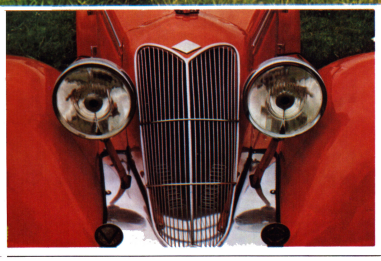
confections as MGs and Rileys. In this decidedly English sphere, British Leyland now rules the roost and has at last ceased to use the Riley name. But there are still MGs.

A quick glance down the tabulated columns of motor racing history shows how remarkably well the racing Rileys did, in pre-war times.

Scanning these lists painstakingly compiled by my friend Roland King-Farlow, whose age is indeterminable and whose enthusiasm for motor-racing and the accurate time-keeping of it is quite unquenchable, we find Rileys prominently displayed. Freddie Dixon's won the 1934 BRDC 500 Mile Race at 104.8 mph, with another Riley second. A Riley was second in this punishing marathon the following year and in 1936 the irrepressible Freddie, sharing a very quick Riley with phlegmatic Charlie Martin, won this greatest track race at 116.86 mph

When they reduced this car-breaker to a mere 500 kilometres in 1937 (no intended foreshadowing of our even-

turn to page 70



Far left, an ex-Dixon Riley 9 hp Brooklands nicknamed the 'Red Mongrel.' Freddie Dixon, the most celebrated of pre-war Riley drivers, made his own adaptations to the basic Riley design. See here the particularly long tail. Competing one day at Brooklands, he finished work on the car too late to take it to the track by lorry or train. He drove it from Middlesbrough without lamps, silencer or mud-guards. Above left, the 1½ litre Riley Sprite engine. Its unique form of valve gear and cylinder head, first developed in 1926, gave Rileys the power pack they needed to make their name in the pre-war racing world. Above, a four seater 1½ litre Riley Lynx tourer of the late thirties. These gentlemanly machines, with their hard-working four-cylinder engines, separate chassis frames and the classic valve gear, were still selling well after the end of World War II. Immediate left: head on to a two-seater Sprite sportster.

ANN

Ann Hopkins is a girl with an eye for the future – a camera eye, that is. When not exposing her 34–24–35 inches for our photographer, this thoughtful 18-year-old from Harrow picks up a camera of her own. 'I'm expecting a new Nikon any day,' she told us. 'What I'd really like to shoot is avant garde nude studies, but from a female point of view. I think it could be a completely different angle.' Much of her photographic

know-how, not unsurprisingly, has come from lensmen who have shot her. 'Photographers guard their secrets so jealously as a rule, but they don't mind what they say to their models. I just watched and asked them. I've learned an awful lot that way.' Her idols are other female photographers, like Christa Peters and Penny Slinger, and film director Stanley Kubrick. 'I'd love to be as professional.' She regrets having missed formal art schooling. 'I left school very early. Otherwise I'd probably be doing graphics at

college by now.' Instead she became a saleswoman, selling art prints door-to-door. 'About six of us would pile into a car and go off to rich suburban places like Weybridge. I wasn't very good at it. You had to have lots of enthusiasm.' Greater enthusiasm she reserves for men who are 'intelligent and fun-loving.' Detesting the artificiality of parties, she likes small intimate groups – 'People I really know I want to be with.' We know what she means. Ann is one girl we'd love to be double exposed with.

THE LIFE OF Riley

Continued from page 63

tual entry into Europe, I am sure) Riley motor-cars were second and third, vanquished only by John Cobb's monster 24 litre Napier-Railton, whereas the car from Coventry began as an 1,100 and never boasted more than two litres. These were the successful pre-war competition Rileys.

In 1932 they had a 1,000 mile sports car race round and round old battle-scarred Brooklands, which went on for two long days. The winners were mesdames Wisdom and Richmond, driving a stripped 'Brooklands' Riley Nine. They had beaten a very efficient Roesch Talbot and an MG. The Rileys of Dixon and Dobbs having been well placed in another Brooklands 'road' race, the junior car club's ambitious International Trophy. This was won outright in 1938 by Percy Maclure in a Riley he had prepared himself beating even the supercharged ERAs driven by Raymond Mays and N. G. Wilson.

Further victories for Riley were chalked up by Arthur Dobson at the twisty Crystal Palace circuit, and they performed very well in the real road racing which took place before the war in the Isle of Man. Here, dodging the kerbs, lamp-posts and brick walls, Dixon triumphed in the 1933 Mannin Beg (the motor-car steeplechase, as one daily paper correspondent described it). The course was so difficult, in fact, that his average speed was only 54.41 mph. In the 1935 Mannin Beg Dixon's Riley was second, behind Pat Fairfield's ERA.

To this not inconsiderable list of racing achievements, Riley added honours in that very great sports-car race, the Ulster TT. Comdr Whitcroft and Capt George Eyston took first and second place in 1932, when the low-slung 'Brooklands' model Riley Nine was an extremely desirable little tool, and by 1935 Freddie Dixon had got even this long road-dice buttoned up. His rather special Riley (within the restrictive regulations of this Tourist Trophy) won the TT at 76.9 mph in spite of powerful opposition from cars like the big Rolls-Bentley of Eddie Hall and a twin-cam Bugatti driven by the experienced Earl Howe. Not only that, but Dixon, partnered by Charlie Dodson who understood racing motor cycles as well as Freddie's fast cars, captured the Trophy again, at 78.01 mph, in 1936, again pursued by Hall's very quick Bentley and, this year, by Fane of Frazer Nash fame, driving one of those advanced German BMW sports-cars.

The BRDC British Empire Trophy Race was another happy Riley hunting ground. The race-name dates it. We had an Empire in 1935 when Dixon (who else?) won this 240 mile semi-road race for Riley, and even more for himself, at 75.47 mph. It was a Riley benefit, because E. Maclure was second and Cyril Paul third, in these cars. By this time the forced-induction (that's right, Snodgrass, *supercharged*) ERAs were a match for the Rileys, which simply sucked in their supply of the essential gas, but in the 1937 Empire Trophy race Percy Maclure managed second place to Mays' blown ERA.

At the late, lamented Donington Park – soon, one hopes, to be re-opened by Tom Wheatcroft – Rileys, were frequently sweeping under the chequered-flag in first place in the shorter races and one of them, driven by the two tough Cyrils, Paul and Brackenbury, came home second in the one and only 12-hour race they tried at the Derby road-circuit, a race won by a far more expensive piece of machinery, in the guise of a Delahaye conducted by Prince Bira and Riley-exponent Hector Dobbs.

The car from Coventry with the blue-diamond radiator badge was doing very nicely in the long-distance rallies of those days and with its handsome production coachwork was able to shine in the then-popular *Concours d'Elegance*.

In the period before the clouds rolled up from Hitler Germany Riley was a make to respect. Some of the reason for the car's success in racing stemmed from its unique form of valve gear and cylinder head.

To explain this, we have to step back to the origins of the

motor-car. The early forms of internal combustion petrol engines had inlet valves which were sucked open to admit a fresh charge of combustible mixture by the descent of the piston within its cylinder. They were named 'automatic' inlet valves, having no mechanism connected with them, apart from the light-weight spring which closed them. It was expedient to place them up in the cylinder head, whereas the exhaust valve, needing a cam to thump it open, was more easily accommodated at the side of the cylinder, in a pocket, immediately above the cam and tappet which opened it.

The snag with these automatic inlet valves was that they could not be prematurely opened, or held open after the descending piston had started to rise on its compression stroke, whereas it was desirable to do this in order to obtain optimum cylinder filling. The solution was to actuate the inlet valve or valves in the same way as the exhaust valves, from a camshaft, which would enable them to be 'timed' in accordance with the designers' wishes. So the exhaust valve joined the inlet valve at the side of the engine, where a camshaft running along the side of the crankshaft could expeditiously prod both valves. Indeed, it was usual, in early engines, to have what was known as a T-head, in which the row of inlet valves would be on one side and the line of exhaust valves on the opposite side of the engine, each with its own camshaft.

When more power was demanded from the petrol engines, it was necessary to get one or both valves upstairs again, because if they were in side pockets gas-flow was seriously restricted, and as each valve was open for a very brief period this set a limit to the power which could be obtained. But getting the valves upstairs implied taking the operating gear up there too.

This was complicated, especially when the laboratory boffins decided that for the very best results a hemispherical combustion chamber was needed with both valves, two per cylinder being usual, steeply inclined in such a head. Single overhead camshafts with noisy and expensive drives were used, poking the valves via rockers (more complication and more moving parts to lubricate) or twin overhead camshafts, one for each line of valves. This made lifting the head for de-coking a nasty busines, let alone casting it in the foundry in the first place.

Riley saw a way round all this. They had pioneered the mechanically-operated inlet valve for greater efficiency, as early as 1898. Their between-wars models were at first side-by-side-valve engined, including the aluminium airship-tailed sports models with red mudguards, the famous 'Red-wing' Rileys. But in 1926 they saw the light and brought out their revolutionary Nine with overhead valves. What was so significant was that it had racing-type hemispherical heads, yet the valve gear was the simple push-rod and rocker kind associated with lesser engines in which the overhead valves had, perforce, to be upright or only mildly inclined, in pent-roof or flat heads.

What the clever Riley engineers had done was to remember the ancient T-head side-valve power units, with a camshaft running along each side of the crankcase. If such camshafts were installed high up in the cylinder block, short push-rods, light to stop valve float, could be run up to rockers which would conveniently prod fully-inclined overhead valves. Simple, efficient, easy to adjust and better to service! The Riley Nine, with such an engine, a silent-third gearbox, and a Continental-style, high-waisted fabric saloon body, was the 1,100 cc car which took the Olympia show of 1926 by storm.

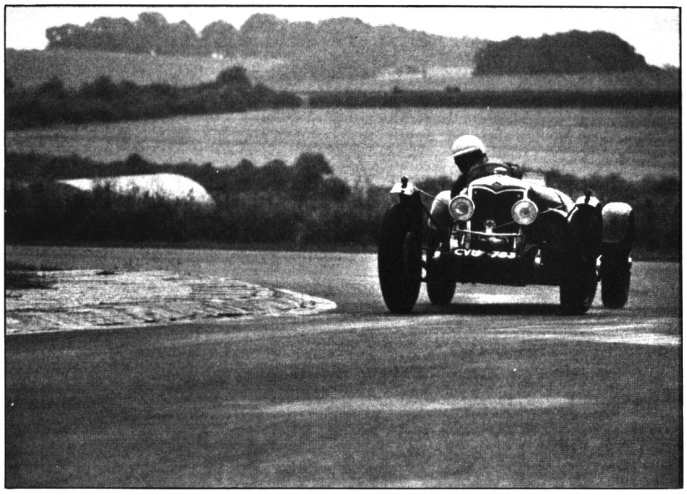
It was from this ingenious power pack that all subsequent Rileys, including the classic sports models, in 1,100 cc and 1½ litre forms, were developed. Raymond Mays realised the potential of an engine with such simple valve gear giving twin-cam performance and his supercharged White Riley, which still exists, paved the day directly to the racing ERA engines. Freddie Dixon, wanting a motor cycle type power unit on which to perform his tuning magic, found the Riley exactly his cup of tea, or more appropriately his many pints of beer. He used to keep the bonnets of his racing Rileys locked, to prevent prying eyes noting a carburetter per cylinder, the throttles cleverly controlled from a single slide, and the lengths of the inlet stubs and the exhaust pipes adjusted for maximum gas-flow.

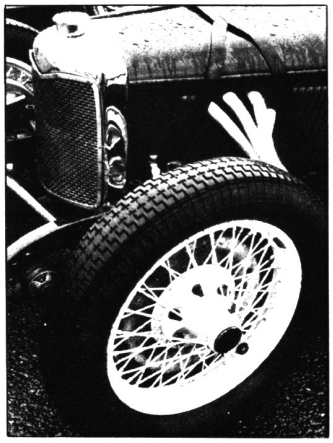
It is only right that Riley will forever be associated with such engine efficiency, because this long-established company, the name of which dates back 75 years, was first in the field with valve overlap, apart from its very early use of a correctly-controlled inlet valve, not to mention detachable wire wheels.

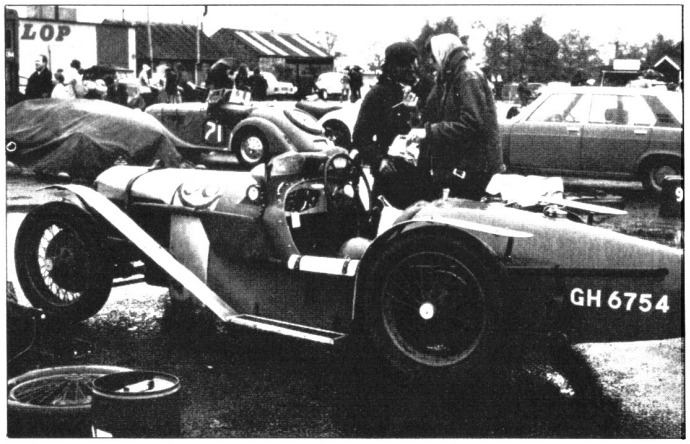
The pre-war overhead valve Riley illustrated here had this special valve gear. Let it be whispered that it may have been introduced even earlier by Dorman (but for other reasons) and it was certainly copied by Lea-Francis and Lago-Talbot. It persisted into the post-war period, in those now sought-after RM Rileys and was last used in the unitary-construction Riley Pathfinder.

Then big business and Mr. Vested Interest got engulfed in badge-engineering and Rileys, so-called, were given uninspiring vertical-valve engines like any other Austin or Morris. And then elininated altogether. A pity!

Left, a 1935 Tourist Trophy MPH, the six-cylinder version of the 1½ litre Riley Sprite. Specially long engine mounting brackets allowed either a four or a six-cylinder engine to be installed. Below, the radiator and bonnet of a Riley 9 hp Brookland two-seater. Below right, a Brookland in profile. Though the aluminium wings are non-standard, it shows the long tail of the standard production model. Right, a re-built Hawthorn Tourist Trophy Sprite. Its original chassis is currently at the Beaulieu Motor Museum.







now show me yours

continued from page 48

in this reply. She considered the proposition. 'If I do – will you take off yours?' she asked, making it sound like a condition. I informed her coolly and not without pride that I didn't wear knickers. She, exasperated, but forcing her voice low tried again.

'I *mean* – will you – show me – your *Thing*?' I could see that she had begun to come round to my way of thinking and I was able to advise her that she need have no worries on that score. I started to escort her to the overgrown garden of an empty house nearby.

Still she dug her heels in. 'What sort are they?' she enquired, evidently evaluating her modesty against the quality of the currency.

With a fine inspiration since my pocket contained marbles which clicked when I patted it, I told her 'Aniseed balls.'

'How many are you going to give me?' she persisted. I felt like giving up, but revitalised by the memory of what Freddie had achieved in the meadow, got quite reckless instead.

'Six,' I told her. That did it. In less time than it took me to consider the wisdom of the affair – a pretty hot-tempered number was this one – she'd practically dragged me into the garden, to a clearing amidst the tangle of overgrown bushes, and hopped out of her pants. She stood there with her skirt held up and displayed for my appraisal what was to be observed of her sweet forbidden fruit.

'Well go on,' she said. 'Show me yours.'

'That's no good,' I told her. 'You've got to lie down.'

She lowered the skirt. 'Oh, don't be potty,' she said. 'The ground's all wet.'

Well indeed it was. There had been some heavy rain earlier, and in fact where we were the turf quite audibly squelched. I stood non-plussed. This was something which in my inexperience of these matters I had quite overlooked. Freddie hadn't had this to contend with in the meadow. Things seemed to be slipping out of control.

Miriam was getting impatient. 'Well come on!' she insisted. 'Let's see yours.'

It was at this point I came to realise that there were going to be other dissimilarities from the splendid showing that Freddie had made. Dubiously I hitched up the left leg of my shorts to display my manhood. It looked a poor wee thing dangling there, and Miriam regarded it with distasteful contempt. 'Huh!' she said – 'Is *that* all?'

I have no idea what it was that she expected to see. I can't decide to this day whether she meant it as a novice's 'Is that all that boys have?' or 'Is that all you've got?' vis-a-vis comparisons with some other lad or lads of her acquaintance. Either way, she clearly didn't think much of mine. I felt embarrassed and vaguely incensed and quickly covered up again.

Miriam dismissed it from her mind. 'Come on,' she said briskly, lunging forward to get her hand into my pocket. 'Gimme those aniseed balls.' We tussled around for a few moments on the soggy turf, and I suddenly felt that I'd had more than enough of silly Miriam.

'I haven't got any,' I told her with unbecoming satisfaction. 'So there! – See!' and breaking away from her grasp I proved the point by producing the hanky, the marbles and the lining of my pocket for her inspection.

Miriam gasped. She went scarlet. Her eyes gleamed murder. 'You – pig!!' she screamed, and she took a flying kick which, had it connected, would probably have precluded any possibility of my furthering any interest in the things toffees could buy. But she missed and instead landed flat on her back on the ground.

The fact that she was now more or less in the position which I had envisaged for her was no longer of interest, and neither was I feeling particular gallant. So I kept well clear and let her pick herself up. This she did, whilst howling with rage, and the back of her frock dripping muddy water. Then, pausing only to spit at me venomously, with great force and some accuracy, she departed the scene, wailing and attempting to dry her rear with her knickers. And a good riddance too, I thought.

I must have assumed that it was the end of the matter and that I'd heard the last of Miss Miriam for that day, because shortly afterwards I was back up the lamp post. I was again dangling by my hands from the crossbar, considering Tarzan's next move when behind me a woman's voice bellowed: '*You* – boy! Come *down* here!'

It sounded, coming out of the blue as it did, rather like one of my teachers, and the shock was such that I let go the bar instantly and plummeted down to land on the pavement in a heap. I picked myself up to be confronted by an enormous, towering, furious, gingery-haired lady, whose relationship to Miriam could be in no possible doubt. Her face and neck were a flaming scarlet and her features contorted alarmingly. I'd seen my share of angry grown-ups before – in fact it was fairly routine – but nothing quite like this one.

'What do you mean by it?' she thundered. 'How *dare* you! How *dare* you push my Miriam in a puddle!! Children like you shouldn't be allowed *near* the tennis courts!' She snorted fire and her huge hands flexed as though they were preparing to strangle me.

But I was amazed. I began to feel a little bit indignant. Clearly, Miriam had been Telling Lies. Pushed her in a puddle? – Tennis courts? I felt obliged to put Miriam's mother straight, and started to protest. Luckily for me she wasn't interested.

'*And – don't answer back!*' she screamed, fetching me such a smack across the face that it sent me spinning for yards, with my ears ringing like a belfry. 'And you just keep away from little girls in future!' she yelled as a parting shot. 'You're too *rough!*' Rough! Still, it was clearly good advice and probably set my sex life back by several weeks. With my cheek still smarting and my ears ringing, I set off at a brisk trot across the fields in the direction of the cattle bridge over the railway line, where I sometimes practised tight-rope walking on the parapet. It seemed to me to be a good deal less hazardous than girls. . . .

'I cannot tell a lie, father – it fell off the back of a lorry.'

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

'The Brandy of Napoleon'
THREE STAR LUXE V.S.O.P. NAPOLEON

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER INGLE WANE

Avoiding the boobs on the Soho strip scene

Between the charlatans and sharks of Soho there is good value to be had in the entertaining strip clubs. John Hamilton has been paying them a visit

The first time I ever managed to muster courage and pound notes for a night out in Soho was a total disaster. I was nineteen, green, proud of my primaeval urges and looked forward to relaxing over a slow scotch whilst my lusting eyes became satisfied with a wealth of gyrating flesh.

I was on my own and had neglected to seek advice on where to go and what to watch out for. It would be better, I thought, just to go ahead and have a good time so that I could casually let fall the story of my adventure when I next was with friends.

For a while I wandered around the neon streets, perusing the shop-window photographs and weighing up the sales chat of the doormen. The smaller clubs were all much of a muchness, but they looked more in my price bracket. I took pot luck.

I walked into a small reception room where a young man sat behind a single desk. Pop music was belting out from behind curtains on the back wall. A thin veil, I thought, between me and pulsating flesh. I paid my ten bob – quite reasonable – and was led through the curtain.

I was now standing in a dimly lit room about ten feet square. Its only occupant was a record player and two gentlemen who were not of pure Anglo-Saxon stock. I started to enquire as to the whereabouts of the promised goods, but they told me: 'Just a moment,' peeking furtively through the curtains every now and then. After a few minutes one of them said: 'Okay, come with me.'

He led me back out through the front of the 'club', into the street and down the road. I asked where he was taking me, and he just muttered darkly: 'The girls.' Aha, I thought, I've clearly picked a good one here. This show is obviously so incredibly naughty that it has to be reached by surruptitious routes. It probably changed venue every night to fool the men in blue.

We arrived, however, at a club that looked no different from the first – definitely a complicated cover operation. Here a disinterested cashier asked me for a pound. All right, so I'd paid a bit extra. From the shadows another gentleman loomed. He was no taller than me, but looked considerably less benevolent. He steered me back on to the streets again.

By the time we had reached the fourth place my patience was getting tatty at the edges and ennui was setting in. There was certainly no point in getting angry, surrounded as I seemed to be by a small army of furtive faces whose compassion,

turn to page 76

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A mother of three was being interviewed by a health visitor.
'Splendid children, madam,' he said. 'I'd like some information about them. What did the eldest weigh at birth?'
'Six pounds two ounces four grammes,' was the reply.
'Oh yes, and the second one?'
'Six pounds two ounces four grammes.'
'Indeed. And the third?'
'Six pounds two ounces four grammes.'
The health visitor laughed and said, 'By the way what is your husband's profession?'
'Engineering – he's a precision grinder.'

A decrepit old tramp was wandering through the park when he spotted a beautiful young woman sitting on a bench. He shuffled up and sat down next to her, then, rummaging inside his ragged old coat, produced two stale and grubby sandwiches and a battered whisky flask. Sniffing, he poked the oldest and dirtiest of the sandwiches under the young woman's nose.
'Bite o' sandwich, love?' he growled.
'Go away, you dirty, smelly, disgusting old man,' she snapped.
Taking a bite, the tramp put the sandwich back in his pocket and unscrewed the top of the whisky flask.
'Swig o' booze, love?' he offered, pushing it under her nose.
'If you don't leave me alone I shall call a policeman,' hissed the young woman.
The tramp sat in silence for a few minutes then turned to her again and said, 'I suppose sexual intercourse is out of the question?'

A girl in a tube train was shocked and annoyed when a small bald man standing next to her suddenly stuck his finger in her ear and began shouting, 'Wheeee!'
'Stop it!' the girl hissed. 'Or I'll kick you where it hurts.'
'Won't bother me,' the little man grinned. 'I'm from another planet and we don't have sex organs.'
'If you don't have sex organs,' said the girl, glancing away, 'how do you make love?'
The little man put his hand on his hip, stuck a finger in her ear and shouted, 'Wheeee!'

The African sun was high and the lordly lion, the oldest and most powerful in his pride, stretched himself, yawned and went for a stroll through the jungle. Moments later he came across a giraffe quietly chewing the branches of a tree.
'Good morning, Mr. Giraffe,' roared the lion. 'Who's king of the jungle?'
'Why you are, Mr. Lion,' replied the giraffe.
'Correct!' said the lion and moved on. Shortly afterwards he came to the river and met a crocodile basking on the muddy banks.
'Good morning, Mr. Crocodile,' he roared. 'Who's king of the jungle?'
'Why you of course, Mr. Lion,' replied the crocodile, slipping into the water.
'Correct!' said the lion and loped on. Entering a clearing he found a large bull elephant drinking from a pool.
'Good morning, Mr. Elephant,' roared the lion. 'Who's king of the jungle?'
And the elephant turned and squirted water into the lion's face. Then he picked him up and flung him against the trees. And when he had done that he trampled him into the ground for several minutes. Finally he trumpeted in his ear and stomped off into the undergrowth.
'Well,' said the lion, picking himself up, 'just because you don't know the right answer you don't have to lose your temper.'

The local nymphomaniac ran up to the farm labourer on the plough.
'I need screwing,' she said.
'So do I,' said the labourer. 'I've just ploughed the wrong field.'

A young man applied for a job as a restaurant chef and was interviewed by the manager. Having successfully passed the chit-chat stage it was decided that he should demonstrate his skill.
'How are you at peeling potatoes?' he was asked. The young man made no reply, but grabbing a nearby potato threw it into the air, snatching up a knife with his other hand. A few passes with the knife and the potato, cleanly peeled, dropped into one hand and the peel into the nearby bin.
'Hmm. Any good at chips?'
Again no answer, but a casual toss into the air with a potato, a few more passes and down came a shower of chips into the nearby frying pan.
'Very good,' said the manager. 'How about shelling eggs?'
'Nothing to it,' said the lad, grabbing three eggs and juggling them. With three measured karate chops each was cracked in half, the yokes spinning into a bowl and the shells clattering into a waste bin.
'Do I get the job?' he asked.
'No,' said the manager, 'you play about too much.'

Six hours after the wedding in the remote Australian mining town the walls of the ramshackle pub still reverberated to the noise of the celebrations. Suddenly the best man lurched to his feet 'O.K. everybody, all the beer's gone and the bride's been had. You can all go home!'
Groaning, everyone got up and staggered toward the doors, when the best man sprang up again.
'It's all right, sports,' he cried. 'Forget that. We've found another crate of Fosters and the bastard who had the bride has apologised.'

There was a young fellow from Ongar
Who had to be barred from the Congar.
The heat of the dance
Made his trousers advance
As the congar got longar and longar.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Soho strip scene

continued from page 73

I thought, would be limited and whose ranks were undoubtedly infinite.

At this final door, situated at the bottom of a long flight of stairs, I decided to call it a day. True, I could now actually hear a crowd buzzing behind the door, but it just seemed to me that I had been hustled so much up until then that it wasn't going to get any better once I stepped foot inside.

The rest of the evening was passed at an average pub in Old Compton Street playing darts with a better class of villain and talking to a girl with sensitive hands. It helped restore a little faith.

This event did not, I am glad to say, deter me from that fascinating part of London and I have discovered that there is, in fact, plenty of value offered by many strip clubs, providing you know where to go. A few months ago I revisited some that do give you value for your hard earned money and it seems worth passing this on – even if only to prevent optimists from passing an evening in an unexpected pub, repairing their ideas of a night on the town.

I first visited the Carnival Club, at the Cambridge Circus end of Old Compton Street, at the beginning of the year and I went there again a month later, by which time three of the acts had been changed. However the composition of the show was still the same – twelve different numbers (seven single and five double) over a two hour period.

The most striking thing about the show was the vast gulf which existed between the best acts and the worst. If you are lucky your arrival may coincide with the appearance of Belinda, a small blonde girl with a superb figure and long golden hair. After Belinda came Debbie who sang in the rain whilst finding entirely new uses for umbrella handles. She was followed by Anna, a coloured girl with a beautiful body and a fine sense of rhythm. For those who like cowgirls there was a well-acted Wild West number, which was followed by two double acts that were very popular with the audience. Liza and Cherie were obviously very fond of each other, but my particular favourite was the classroom scene in which senior girl Debbie teamed up with a very buxom young lady to show us the sort of things which can happen at a girls' school. My! My!

It is a trifle difficult to define the emphasis of the show and possibly this is best described as 'vagina-orientated'. However, I do not think little Lord Fauntleroy need fret too much.

The seats were comfortable and the stage is backed by a mirror. There were about fifteen artistes in all, but they are not all resident. Most of the girls were pretty and two were real smashers.

Annual membership is £2.20, plus £1.10 admission. It is stated to be open from noon until 12.30 am Monday to Friday, and from noon until midnight on Saturday.

Next port of call was the Doll's House in Carlisle Street (a turning off Dean Street towards the Oxford Street end). I thoroughly enjoyed the show here, which consisted of 12 different acts (nine single and three multiple) covering a period of two hours. The girls were pretty and offered something for most tastes although the emphasis was light-hearted and the multiple acts all tended towards burlesque. The overall quality of the acting was higher than at the Carnival Club. It is clear that a great deal of thought had been given to the choreography.

If you are feeling a bit low and want to be cheered up, the Doll's House is undoubtedly the place to go. Unfortunately, most of the girls remained anonymous and this made it a bit difficult to review the individual acts. However, my particular favourite was a little coloured girl who has the most fantastic pair of tits and claims to be a princess. She did the dance of the seven veils and I guess that, if she had been around 2,000 years ago, poor old John would have lost his balls and anything else she might have wanted in addition to his head.

There is a bar at the Doll's House and the Club is good value at £1.30. Opening times are stated as noon to midnight, Monday to Saturday and a £1 membership fee will entitle you to full use of the bar.

After visiting the Casino de Paris in Denman Street, off Shaftesbury Avenue I wondered whether I ought to re-write the reviews of the other shows. Finally I decided not to, and that it would be better to treat the Casino de Paris as being in a class of its own.

The emphasis was on glamour and the girls were beautiful. Every number – there were twelve in all – had been carefully rehearsed and the standard of acting by the wholly-resident cast was above all but a handful of the performances elsewhere. New lighting has been installed recently and some of the effects are quite stunning. Only two of the acts could be classed as erotic but what the Casino de Paris offers is an opportunity to relax in congenial surroundings and enjoy a few hours of sophisticated and aesthetically pleasing entertainment.

The cast included three men and the act in which Benita and Marco rode a motorcycle is not something I am likely to forget in a hurry. On a rather higher aesthetic plane, there was a moment of sheer poetry when the coloured girl, 'Black Diamond', stood silhouetted against a black background, her body suffused in a deep red light.

'The Clarkes have got a French tickler, so have the Joneses. Shouldn't we . . .'

The show lasts an hour and three-quarters and there is then an interval of half an hour. There were nine girls in the cast. Drinks can be bought, either at the bar or there is table service, for about double normal pub prices.

The nude men add a kind of unisex overtone to the show, and women in fact often account for up to 40 per cent of the audience. The manager describes the show as 'Oh Calcutta without the dirty words' and it includes a popular knife throwing act where the victim is a nude girl spinning at a startling eight miles an hour on an upright board. All the artists here are under contract and the whole show is a very professional one, with a good variety of acts which are all handed with taste.

The entrance fee is £2.20 and this includes membership. The club is open from Monday to Saturday from 11.30 in the morning, and the last show goes on at half past nine.

The Nell Gwynne club in Dean Street stars a very elegant coloured girl called Candice Kelly, who stands five foot ten in her stockingless feet. She is one of the four regular girls featured in the revues that last nearly two hours. The club opens at 5.30 and the performances start at six, eight and ten o'clock. It costs £2.20 to get in and membership at £1.10 gives you full use of the bar. The Gargoyle club, which is also on the premises and run by the same people, opens its doors at 10.30 pm and members of the Nell Gwynne club can move in there for a meal after the show. The menu is à la carte and will probably add up to around £5 a head, including wine. The restaurant stays open until three in the morning.

A somewhat more sophisticated club is Miranda's in Greek Street. Here there is a varied cabaret that goes on from 8.30 at night through until three in the morning. Apart from the girls there is a variety of entertainment including straight bands. There are two bars, which serve drinks at different prices – the Lounge bar, which is the cheaper, and the Cabaret bar, from which you can see the show. You can also drink at tables from which you can see the show and food is available, à la carte. With this club, however, you must find a current member to propose you for membership, which costs £5.25 a year and covers membership each time.

These five clubs give a good idea of what to expect for your money in the Soho strip clubs. The accent is on variety, of course, and the acts tend to change about every six weeks. Certainly they are not extortionate prices to pay, compared, for example, with West End cinema prices, and for many of us they are a pleasant and amusing way to pass a few hours on the town. Don't forget, though, that binoculars and other artificial viewing aids – spectacles apart, of course—are strictly forbidden!

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CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

PENNY *The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*

SOPHIE *Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*

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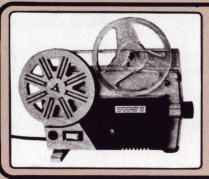

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The Frenchman who flew into legend

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family would just about be returning from Mass. He promptly landed in a neighbouring field, hurried up to the house and asked his father to organise a search party to scout the area between Bailly and the Bois Carré.

Like a retriever after a missing partridge, the elder Guynemer gamely raised a posse from the local military and, sure enough, they found the dead body of a German pilot on the edge of the Bois; but this was not sufficient to satisfy the stringent requirements of the higher authorities and Guynemer was never officially credited with the victory. When he was advised of the decision, Guynemer turned very red, pursed his lips and said: 'It doesn't matter, I will get another.'

There was never a time when he wasn't wanting another. As good as his word, three days later he pounced on an LVG two-seater and after a brief running fight shot it down in flames after seeing both crew members pitched out in midair – 'The passenger fell out at Bus,' he noted in his flying log, 'the pilot at Tilloloy.'

He landed nearby the wreck and was promptly mobbed by a crowd of enthusiastic artillery-men who had witnessed the combat. The gunner captain, overcome with truly Gallic emotion, ripped the *galons* off his cap, gave them to Guynemer, who by this time was a sergeant, and made him promise that he would wear them when he was promoted captain. Then the gunners fired a salute in the pilot's honour, the first salvo of which demolished a small house in which some German soldiers had taken refuge. Guynemer, still seething about his previous victory, was delighted: 'They owe that to me, too!' he crowed.

There was no questioning the conquest this time and there was even talk of recommending him for the Legion of Honour, but higher authority considered him too young for this distinction and someone – who must have been endowed with remarkable foresight – pointed out that if he was given the cross for this victory, what on earth could they give him for subsequent ones. Guynemer, who valued these baubles, as a measure of his contribution to the war effort, was outraged, muttering cynically that he was 'not too young to be hit by the enemy's shells.'

He was going to have his cross alright and he clinched matters six days later by attacking a formation of four, shooting down one two-seater and damaging a Fokker scout. He reported the affair to his father in a letter using his own telegraphic style. 'Combat with two Fokkers. The first, trapped, and his passenger killed, dived upon me without having seen me. Result: 35 bullets at close quarters and *couic* [the end of him]! The fall was seen by four other aeroplanes (three plus one makes four, and perhaps that will win me the cross).' And so it did. Officialdom relented and he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour on his 21st birthday – December 24 1915.

Two months later the escadrille was on the move to take part in the defence of Verdun. Guynemer, who had now been commissioned, shot down his eighth victim on the way to his new airfield, but on his first flight over the lines from the new base he tangled with two enemy scouts and got badly mauled. He landed his Nieuport somehow with most of his controls shot away, bullets in his left arm and jaw and more superficial wounds in his right cheek and left eye. It was enough to put him in hospital for a month and to his chagrin the rest of the Battle of Verdun was fought without him.

On his return to duty, Guynemer feared that being wounded might have affected his nerve, so he took his Nieuport up over the lines, found a German scout and literally played with it, weaving and turning through all the traditional gyrations of a dog fight, but without firing a shot. The puzzled German pilot loosed off five hundred shots while trying to get the Nieuport in his sights but without hitting the machine once. Finally, deciding that his nerves were as steel-shod as ever, Guynemer broke off the engagement and went back to his airfield.

During Guynemer's absence, his squadron, now retitled Escadrille N3 following its change-over from Morane-Saulniers to Nieuports, had been building itself a memorable reputation in the skies over Verdun. The squadron insignia was a stork, adopted, some say, because it was the heraldic device of Alsace, but others thought it merely a traditional European symbol for a harbinger of good fortune. Whatever the truth concerning its origin, this great-winged bird, depicted on the Nieuport fuselages in graceful flight, was to become by far the most powerful reminder of the might of the French Flying Service. Already the squadron was known simply as *Les Cigognes* and, under its most able commander, Captain Felix Brocard, it could boast a savagely efficient collection of fighter pilots – Hertaux, Dorme, Duellin, De La Tour and others, apart from the incomparable Guynemer himself.

If Verdun launched the reputation of the Storks, the Battle of the Somme confirmed it at a level ensuring a permanent niche in the history of military aviation – largely due to the performance of Georges Guynemer whose career as a combat pilot now began to get into top gear. All through the summer of 1916 he proved himself an absolute demon in the air. Although a careful man on the ground, laboriously checking his weapons and equipment before taking off, once in the air he attacked the enemy wherever he was to be found with reckless abandon and a complete disregard for his own safety.

In September he was given one of the first two Spads to arrive at the Front. He christened his own plane 'Vieux Charles' and in this new machine, a vast improvement over the Nieuport and probably the best aircraft the French produced during the war, he carried even greater death and destruction to the German Flying Service. His letters home became even more terse – although still action-packed – as if he had not time to write in greater detail: 'Some sport: the 17th (of September), attacked a Fritz, three shots and gun jammed; Fritz tumbled. The 18th, *idem*, but in two shots; two Fritz in five shots, record.' And again, in a letter to his father:

'September 22. – Asphyxiated a Fokker in 30 seconds, tumbled down disabled.

'September 23. – 11.20. – A Boche in flames within our lines.

'11.21. – A Boche disabled; passenger killed.

'11.25. – A Boche in flames 400 metres from the lines.

'11.25 and a half. – A 75 (French artillery) blew up my water reservoir, and all the linen of the left upper plane, hence a ripping tail spin . . . Fell to the ground at a speed of 160 or 180 kilometres: everything broken like matches, then the *taxi* rebounded, turned round at 45°, and came back, head down, planting itself in the ground 40 metres away like a post; they could not budge it.'

Guynemer, on this occasion had been shot down by his own artillery. In a sky positively raining with his own disabled victims, Guynemer hurtled down from 10,000 feet executing a violent crash landing and actually hitting the ground some moments before his third conquest of the morning (the 11.25 Boche).

The *poilus* rushed to extricate the mangled body of the pilot from the cockpit of the wingless Spad, which was planted nose down in the mud like a lamp post. Instead they found a slender, girlish figure with enormous black eyes stepping out of the wreckage – looking pretty much like a ghost, but alive and on his feet. He was recognised instantly. Guynemer! In triumph the soldiers bore him off to their divisional General who commanded that the pilot should review the troops with him. Badly shaken and with a nasty gash in his knee from the magneto, Guynemer protested that he was wounded.

'Wounded, you!' barked the General, 'It's impossible . . . However, lean upon me.' And supported, almost carried, by the General, Guynemer staggered along in front of the troops who, in a spontaneous gesture of affection and admiration for their idol, burst into a spirited rendering of the *Marseillaise*. The whole scene was a perfect example of the peculiar magic which Guynemer exercised over his fellow countrymen.

Following the Battle of the Somme, Guynemer began to increase both his score and his public reputation at a formidable pace. In September 1916 Escadrille N3 received a unit citation in these words: 'Under the command of Captain Brocard, has shown a drive and devotion to duty without equal in the operations over Verdun and the Somme, having taken part from March 19 to August 19, 1916, in 338 aerial combats, shooting down 36 aircraft and three balloons, and forcing 36 other badly damaged aircraft to land.'

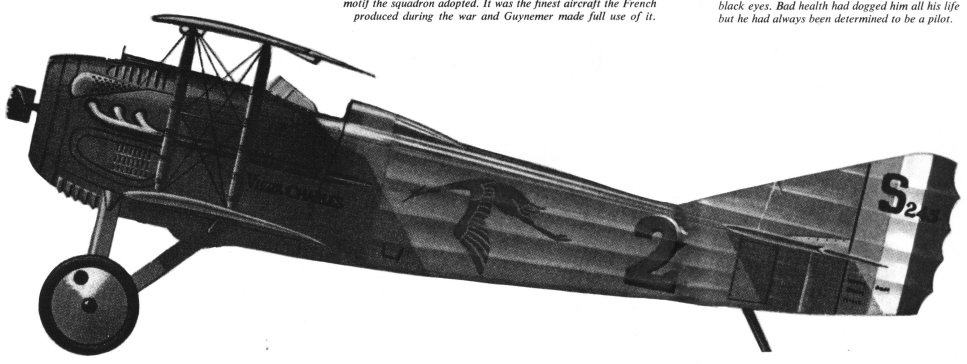
Before tacking it up on the squadron notice board, Brocard scrawled across the foot of this panegyric – 'To Lieutenant Guynemer, my oldest pilot and my most brilliant Stork.'

Guynemer went on to justify this accolade with ferocious efficiency. He scored double and triple victories at regular intervals through the rest of 1916 and made a good start to 1917 with two doubles in January, a promotion to Captain in February and a triple in March. On 25 May he brought off one of his most dazzling coups with the destruction of four enemy machines in one day – the first two within a minute of each other – and creating aviation history in the process, since he was the first flier to achieve such a feat.

The French Government was running out of honours they could bestow on him, but on June 11 he was given Officer's rank in the Legion of Honour and, with his score at 45, he came under strong pressure from above to take a rest from operational flying. Guynemer ignored this suggestion and was to refuse several further ones of a like nature.

By this time the entire squadron was equipped with Spads and had once more been re-christened – it was now Escadrille Spa 3. Brocard had been promoted to the command of Groupe de Chasse No. 12 which consisted of Escadrilles Spa 3, 26, 73 and 103 and the whole group was now known as *Les Cigognes*, each squadron showing the famous stork in a different attitude of flight. Command of Guynemer's

turn to page 100



Christened 'Vieux Charles', this Spad VII 245 was flown by Guynemer in Escadrille SPA 3, known as Les Cigognes because of the stork motif the squadron adopted. It was the finest aircraft the French produced during the war and Guynemer made full use of it.

Georges Guynemer shortly before his death in 1917. He was slightly girlish looking with riveting black eyes. Bad health had dogged him all his life but he had always been determined to be a pilot.

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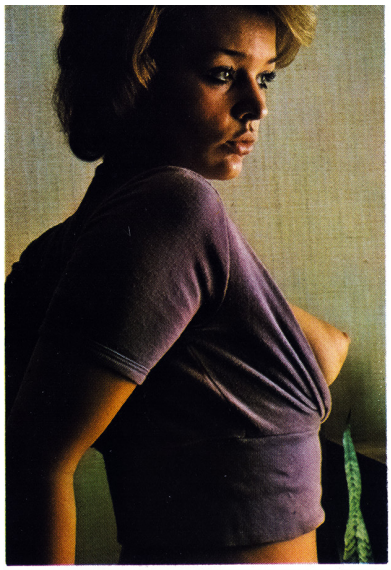
Sammy some more...

Remember Sammy? We uncovered her last summer, dreaming of soft Irish greenery, clear air and friendly people behind a hotel reception desk on the Isle of Man. Coyly shedding a bikini top and panties on a quiet and Manly beach, her firmly moulded 35–24–36 figure demonstrated amply that blarney isn't all an Irish lass needs to charm a stranger. Such was the response that 23-year-old Miss Sammy Kennedy aroused among readers that a second view was deemed about due. Since last revealed Sammy has gone south – to Liverpool. 'It was mainly because of my parents,' she told us. 'They live right on the



border and one morning half the town centre had gone. I wanted to go home immediately but we reached a compromise. I moved to a town where it would be easy for me to get back at short notice.' The Isle of Man lingers in pleasant memories. 'It was such a quiet place, especially out of season. And it has a whole culture no one on the mainland knows about – songs and old legends. I felt quite at home. I'm only just getting used to the hustle and bustle of the city. It's the noise that's worst.' Sammy, you may gather, is a shy girl; her holiday haunts mirror her temperament: silent, wind-ruffled loughs in the green-hilled south; the snow-capped pastures of Wales. 'It sounds as if I never want to talk to anyone. That's not true at all. But I do like people who are willing to be considerate.' Firm but considerate. 'All I want is to be accepted for

HAVE YOU
TAKEN YOUR PILL
TO-DAY?

myself.' Sammy is a two-tone model, something that causes her unnecessary blushes. 'I don't exactly go around checking if everyone's the same colour top and bottom, but no one I've met has said they're the same. It used to worry me when I was younger. I must admit it still makes me wonder at times.' It's a detail that would not bother her ideal partner. 'I'm very practical, I'm not a romantic person,' she insists. 'All that golden sunset, hand-in-hand stuff never lasts. You've got to think beyond that. I think the most important thing is reliability. You could be married to Casanova, but what's the point if you never know what time he's coming home.' Practical indeed is this calm, collected colleen. She wants, she confides, to return home eventually, but preferably in the arms of that kindly unromantic. We wish her all the luck in Liverpool town.

'...for 11p these are the best cigars I've come across in a long time. And I've been smoking cigars now for what? Ten, fifteen years—They're firm. They're mild. They hold their flavour right the way down. Very good...'
Taken from a conversation with Ian Hendry 10.5.73
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THE SHAPE OF DRINKS TO COME–GORDON'S.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

The women interviewed for this month's Quest confirmed what many of us had already suspected: that in terms of opportunity, the motor car runs a close second to the bedroom. If it can be true to say that manœuvring a woman into her bedroom is to be three quarters of the way there, then it is also true to say that manœuvring her into your car is to be more than halfway there. Cars are sexy. They provide upholstered comfort, warmth, intimacy, a fair degree of privacy, attract little undue attention individually and offer unlimited opportunities for sex Without doubt the car has exerted a strong influence on the sexual attitudes of today.

INTRODUCTION

The car is a contained private place in the public domain and as such allows intimacies in public.

By entering his car, the woman places herself in the man's territory and psychologically under his protection. Because she is in close physical contact with the man and yet separated from everything else around her by the structure of the car, she has permitted the first stage of intimacy. Yet, because the car's primary function is for travel from A to B, ease of access to far places and her general convenience she need feel no inhibition against entering a car with a relative stranger; an intimacy she would not permit in her own bedroom. All the women interviewed understood this – that by being alone in a car with a man, while not deliberately inviting further intimacy, they laid themselves open to the possibility of a sexual approach.

Of the interviews available, we chose to concentrate on three of the more interesting facets of the motor car which emerged; as an always available place; as a breaker of social taboos and as a loosener of inhibitions.

In the first interview all three of these played a part in the women's deliberate seduction of the man. First her inhibitions were broken down by something she saw happening in the car in front. This was a display of shadows we have all witnessed at some time, reflected through car windows while parked or moving and it is interesting to note that several other interviewees admitted being turned on by parking in the proximity of other sexually engaged couples. Secondly, the interviewee had no qualms about making love to an already married man in the confines of his car – a situation she may well have baulked under other circumstances, and finally the relationship continued because of the car where otherwise it might soon have dried up – the car was always available to make love in when flats and hotels were not.

In the second interview, the interviewee had not been able to find a way of making the man – again a married man – take an interest in her until she managed to invite herself into his car. Without the car the girl might not have had the nerve to approach the man and the affair could hardly have continued without it. Like the first interviewee she found it easier to deliberately force a seduction in the car.

The third interviewee, because of a combination of other circumstances, was able to release her very tightly controlled inhibitions by crying on another man's shoulder. She might conceivably have gone so far as crying on his shoulder in other different surroundings, but it is unlikely she would have let the intimacy develop to anything like the pitch it reached. In this case the woman was already in a posture to enjoy sex, was in close contact with the man and would possibly have preferred anything but the loneliness of the dark country lane.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Nurse, 29 years old, dark haired, town of origin Cheltenham Spa**

This interviewee, a bright and active woman, had been educated at convent school and had begun nursing at 18. At 21 she quit her job to marry a man eight years older. They had no children. The marriage ended in divorce four years later and the girl had since returned to nursing. She shared a house with two other girls.

Quest: Is sex sexier in a car?

Nurse: Who says so?

Quest: Nobody says so. I'm asking you if you think it is.

Nurse: I think it's a naughty place to make love.

Quest: Does that appeal to you?

Nurse: Yes. Am I silly?

Quest: You like to feel you're being naughty?

Nurse: I am naughty, I don't mind, I like naughty sex. It's much more thrilling.

Quest: Particularly in cars?

Nurse: Cars are nice to be naughty in. You can be very naughty in a car while he's trying to keep his mind on the driving. But it depends . . .

Quest: On what?

Nurse: Everything.

Quest: Not one thing in particular?

Nurse: Well, perhaps.

Quest: I feel you're being too coy with me.

Nurse: You feel I am do you? All right; do you have a big one?

Quest: Why?

Nurse: I might be interested.

Quest: In what?

Nurse: Going for a drive.

Quest: Just like that. Right now, on the spur of the moment?

Nurse: No, I wouldn't. But I might if I felt very sexy.

Quest: And the size of a man's penis is important?

Nurse: Of course it's not. It was the first thing that came into my head. What am I getting myself into? I'm all confused now.

Quest: What would make you feel sexy?

Nurse: Just odd things that might happen. Shall I tell you about Eric?

Quest: Tell me about Eric.

Nurse: I feel very guilty sometimes about sex, about the way I like doing it. I think I feel guilty about enjoying it too much. My tummy trembles. When I feel very sexy it's difficult for me to stop myself doing things I might regret really. I don't talk about this very much so it's difficult to tell you. I feel very guilty about leading a man on the way I do. Guilty, like, this is wicked and shameless and I'm being a whore but I don't want to stop doing it because it's nice. Sometimes it's like having a devil in you. I mean, I scarcely knew Eric at all. If you call a few dances and giggles at a boozy party, knowing someone, then I knew Eric.

Quest: Something triggered your interest in him sexually?

Nurse: That's the sort of word I was looking for, yes, I saw something that made me feel very sexy. And guilty too because it excited me instantly.

Quest: Tell me what it was.

Nurse: Two people in a car.

Quest: They were doing something parked in a car?

Nurse: No, they were driving along the road. Eric and I were following.

Quest: And they were doing something as they drove?

Nurse: Alison was.

Quest: You knew these people in the car you were following?

Nurse: Of course, we were all going back to Alison and Martin's for a nightcap after the party.

Quest: What was Alison doing that was so interesting?

Nurse: I could see her through the back window of their car, we were quite close behind. They were like shadows on a window. Alison had her right arm round Martin's shoulder and you couldn't see her other arm because it was down in front of him and she was sitting sideways on looking down at his lap. That was what it looked like; as though she was toying with him, down there. And that started me off. My legs were like water, very unwilling to stay together. Alison's a very sexy bitch, I could just imagine what was going on.

Quest: What were you wearing that night?

Nurse: Yes, that didn't help. I suppose I'm a sexy bitch too. Martin is her husband after all. I think I was wearing even less than Alison. I didn't feel it but I suppose I looked it. A rude man at the party said I was Elizabeth Taylor with nipples. I'm not sure what he meant but it was rude. That sort of thing doesn't make me feel sexy at all. I suppose I have a figure like that but I don't think my bottom's big.

Quest: Why Elizabeth Taylor with nipples?

Nurse: I think he was very drunk that rude man. My dress had a halter neck but you couldn't see my nipples. And really I couldn't wear a bra because there was nowhere to hide one under that dress, not without looking a trussed up mess. So that was all I was wearing, the dress and its blue matching panties. They had to match because it was very short and I didn't have tights because of my chorus girl legs.

Quest: You weren't exactly overdressed.

Nurse: There are lots of reasons I might go to a party dressed like that and none of them anything to do with sex.

Quest: Name me one.
Nurse: I'm a sexy bitch.
Quest: I can see that.
Nurse: Why should Alison have it all her own way. I thought you wait, Alison, I'll outdo you this time.
Quest: Did you think she was trying to outdo you in the car?
Nurse: That's silly. What was there to outdo?
Quest: Perhaps she was egging you on to do something yourself?
Nurse: Who would have thought of that? Sort of, all right, Lynda, you've got the men buzzing round you like a honeypot but look what you're missing? Look what I can do whenever I like? No, I don't think Alison's like that at all; I think she turned and waved at us and did that naughty movement of her hand because she was very tiddly.
Quest: What did she do with her hand?
Nurse: She smiled straight into Eric's lights and did a rude motion of her hand as though she was shaking a bottle of lemonade to make it fizz and then she just disappeared altogether. Her head disappeared and you could just see it bob once or twice and Martin started driving in a silly way.
Quest: And this had an effect on you?
Nurse: Yes, I was squeezing the top of Eric's thigh quite hard before I quite realised I was doing it and I said: Oh God, what is that woman doing? And Eric came straight out and said: I think she's got his prick out. Eric always uses that word. It wouldn't sound like Eric any other word. Then he said, do you really want me to tell you what she's doing to it. And I said, in a very wavery voice: I know what she's doing. Eric was looking at me as though he couldn't believe what I was saying either; I suppose most women turn away and ignore it when they see things like that happening right in front of them. Eric caught me with my eyes glittering and my breasts heaving – that's from Peyton Place; I think that's the sexiest line I ever read – and my mouth wet and open. Eric was breathing in a loud whistly way through his nose; men do when they're feeling sexy; they snort like horses. He just said: Christ above. He couldn't believe it I don't think. Then he said I was a sexy bitch. He said: You sexy little bitch. I wasn't even looking at him. I realised I still had my hand on his thigh so I pulled it away. I think Eric was trying to look at me, the road and Alison and Martin at the same time, but mostly at me and I couldn't take my eyes from the car in front.
Quest: Tell me what you did.
Nurse: Well, Eric started it. I felt something touching my hand and I looked down and Eric had taken his hand from the steering thing and put it right on my open thigh by my panties. My thighs were numb in a watery weak way and they were a little open across the seat. My dress was up you see, up over my panties.
Quest: And your hand was where?
Nurse: I should have said. I was rocking a little on it. I was holding it very hard against my panties and squeezing because I thought I was going to burst. I really did.
Quest: You were holding it against your vagina?
Nurse: I was feeling very very sexy. I wanted to hold it all in. I thought I would damp on the seat; my thighs squeaked on it.
Quest: And Eric touched your hand?
Nurse: Then he said: Christ, you little bitch; again. He said: You're playing with yourself. He said I was a horny little bitch and a lot of other things. I gave him a long stare, a very bitchy stare. I knew I had him exactly where I wanted him really. He didn't see much of my bitchy stare because he had to keep looking at the road. I moved my legs so I was half facing him across the seat; I put one leg up on the seat, half bent, and I wriggled away from my door towards him; I was holding his hand pressed tightly against me, the back of his hand so he couldn't wriggle his fingers under my pantie elastic. And I wanted to say, very calmly, something like would you like me to get yours out too, Eric? But I didn't. I nearly did. I didn't know what it would be like.
Quest: Can you elaborate on that?
Nurse: They always surprise you. They never fit the man they belong to; great big rugby players with small dinky ones and small men with quite big ones; you can never tell until you actually see it.
Quest: You see a lot of Eric now?
Nurse: No, Eric comes round for the evening sometimes.
Quest: He comes round for one purpose?
Nurse: Yes. He comes round for that. It's a very honest arrangement I think.
Quest: Because of what happened in the car that evening?
Nurse: Partly that. Partly because I don't wish to be tied down again yet; I don't think I've got to love a man now to get into bed with him when I like. Partly another reason too, which makes it rather impossible.
Quest: And that is?
Nurse: Eric's already married, not very wonderfully, I don't think but well, he's married. He has two children.
Quest: Do you still have sex in the car?
Nurse: Sometimes.
Quest: Because it's naughty?
Nurse: Well, really, because he's married. If he takes me out for an evening sometimes it isn't convenient to take him back to the flat because the other girls are in.
Quest: But you have your own room?
Nurse: Eric doesn't want anyone to know. He thinks it may get back to his wife.
Quest: Did you know he was married when you met him at the party?
Nurse: I didn't know anyone there at all very well. Alison and Martin knew everyone; they asked me to go along. They're quite good friends and I think they'd like to see me settling down again.
Quest: Did they introduce you to Eric?
Nurse: In a funny way, I think Alison thinks we're both lonely people.
Quest: Eric isn't worried Alison will tell his wife?
Nurse: No, whatever Alison is like, she wouldn't do that. Eric was suspicious

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though at first. I think he thought I might have been planted there. Even in the car he wouldn't stop anywhere or do anything they might see from in front. At the party he was just very nice and polite. I thought he was nice but I didn't expect any fireworks from him; but nothing happened at the party at all to make me feel naughty so I was fairly happy to have someone who would just drive me home without any back seat athletics.

Quest: But there were after all?

Nurse: Well, I've told you how I went on. You couldn't expect anything else after that, could you?

Quest: So despite the fact Eric didn't really impress you at the party you were very happy to go back to Alison and Martin's with him?

Nurse: Well, I wasn't terribly sorry to leave the party; all the men were silly men, not counting the rude ones. I think it was because of that silly television programme, something Python, where everyone does silly walks. The poor couple whose house it was. They'd made all this food and these silly men were rushing round hitting people on the head with long French loaves and duelling in and out of the doors and shouting: Boring, boring. I think it was an in-word. Everybody thought it was very funny but it began to annoy me a bit and Eric was very good, because someone tried to stick one of the loaves down between my breasts and Eric pushed him away and we went into the kitchen and stood around the drinks table with Alison and Martin. Then we all decided to go back to Alison's and have a nightcap.

Quest: What else happened on the way back there in the car?

Nurse: Eric didn't say very much; he just drove along behind them.

Quest: Did you touch him again?

Nurse: No. I don't think he quite knew how to take me.

Quest: Did anything happen at Alison and Martin's to change this?

Nurse: Eric couldn't keep his eyes off Alison. Her dress was showing quite a lot of her thighs, and something about Alison, she's always crossing and uncrossing her legs.

Quest: Did Alison find Eric attractive?

Nurse: He isn't terribly good looking; I think he's more very obviously male than attractive.

Quest: Please go on.

Nurse: Alison had the nerve to suggest that Martin should run me home and she would see Eric off. Well, I knew what she was going to try on as soon as Martin and I were out of the door. I was very surprised because I thought the whole idea had been to get Eric and I together – perhaps she wanted a good excuse to bring Eric back to their house and then get Martin out of the way.

Quest: What happened?

Nurse: I just said: No, that's quite all right, Eric's taking me home. I looked very hard at Alison to make sure she knew that I knew what she was trying to do, and she shut up after that. I thought: right, you Alison, I'll show you. I think Eric was disappointed in a way; he was moody in the car taking me home.

Quest: Were you still feeling sexy towards Eric?

Nurse: I was very randy.

Quest: Tell me what happened.

Nurse: I said: Would you like me to take your prick out like Alison did and play with it?

Quest: Just like that?

Nurse: I rested my hand on the top of his thigh first. We had to cross the downs to get to where I lived and I put my hand on his thigh just as we went out of the street lights into the country. There were a lot of places there to stop; we've made love there since. Hundreds of people use the downs for that. I thought, my God, I just don't care, I'm going to get his penis out and seduce him even better than Alison could, if it's the last thing I do. And it was so terribly naughty, it really was. Shivers, that's how I felt. I rubbed my hand straight onto his penis and held him quite hard so he'd know I wasn't fooling.

Quest: What happened then?

Nurse: He said: Christ, you little prick teaser. I said: If you stop the car, I'll show you who's the prick teaser between Alison and me. Then I moved much closer to him on the seat and I put both hands on his trousers and unzipped him; I unbuckled his trousers too and I had to push my hand down his leg to pull him out. He was driving like mad to find somewhere to stop the car and I held him in both hands and massaged him. Aren't I being technical. I played with him very naughtily. I nearly asked him to put the inside light on so I could see him too. He was sitting much further down in the seat and his trousers were coming off. I knew I was going to go mad unless he stopped soon and started doing things to me, so I kept telling him to please hurry up and find somewhere to stop. He did, just then. It was pitch dark so I didn't know where we'd stopped. Then Eric pushed my hands away and I thought; hmmm, here it comes. He didn't put his hand on my thigh, as I thought he would; he leant over and pushed me back down in the seat. It was quite a big car with one long seat right across the front. It wasn't a new car. Well, he pushed me back and bent over me so I could kiss his neck and he started kissing my ear first and then my neck and then between my breasts and he put his hands under my halter neck from the sides and worked them onto my nipples and he was groaning about my breasts. I asked if he thought they were nicer than Alison's. He said he'd never seen Alison's, but he was sure they were. I didn't know what to think.

Quest: Was Eric having an affair with Alison?

Nurse: I think they might have been just about to. I think Alison was trying to seduce Eric in a roundabout way.

Quest: Please go on.

Nurse: He knelt across my thighs with his knees on the seat on either side of me and I wanted him to touch me there more than that, but he pulled my head right down onto him with his hands holding either side of my hair. It's like taking a deep breath before you jump in the sea. Then he let out a long moan right into my hair and he yanked down on my halter so it came over my head and he pushed my head and said I was going much too fast. He wanted something else. He wanted to put it right between my great big breasts, he said. No-one ever did that to me before. He had me naked to the waist then; he said only women with big breasts could do that for a man. I said I didn't think Alison could do that. He said . . . Alison, he wanted me, not her and he put it between my breasts. It was the strangest feeling and as he moved it he started getting all worked up. Then he said: God, he was going to come. And I felt frustrated because I wasn't. Then there was this awful rustling of grass just beside the car as though someone was trying to look in. Eric pulled away straight away and rolled over onto his own seat, trying to get his penis back and pull his trousers up. He didn't get out of the car or anything; he just started it in a panic and switched the lights on and drove away like a madman and didn't slow down until we were right back in the street lights again. I was naked to the waist still. For some reason I thought that was funny and I started laughing; I think the drink was catching up on me then. I felt tiddlier than I had all evening. I said: If you don't put that beautiful thing of yours where it was designed to go, I shall walk round the streets and find another man. Of course I never would have though.

Quest: I expect he fell for that line of smooth chat, did he?

Nurse: That's me. I never have managed to drive my car at forty miles an hour.

Quest: Say that again?

Nurse: The sister who told us about sex at the convent, she said that; she said: Girls, just remember, sex is like driving a car, you should never go more than forty miles an hour. You will meet a lot of men who want you to go faster but always keep to the speed limit and you won't come to grief. I think we all laughed about that afterwards. That was our sex education, apart from rabbits and moles and frogs and things. I hate to think what speed Eric and I do especially in a built up area – when he does his speeding between my breasts.

Quest: Eric did make love to you that night?

Nurse: He passed his driving test very well.

Two **Secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Weymouth**

This interviewee, who seemed to be anxious to shock, left school at seventeen and took a college secretarial course. After working for a company in her home town, she went to stay with friends in London and there took a secretarial job. She shared a flat with three other girls.

Quest: When did you first have sex with your boss?

Secretary: What a tasty man, but he isn't my boss actually. Wouldn't that be super; Miss Baker I insist, knickers off and knees bend. Oh, I'd like that.

Quest: You like being told what to do?

Secretary: I'm shy. I wish I had the nerve to say what I think, sometimes.

Quest: Perhaps some men like shyness?

Secretary: Do you think so?

Quest: Do you always make love in your boss's car?

Secretary: Wait a mo. I'm not his, that is, he's not my boss. I'm lumbered with any old work that turns up. But what a barmy place to work. One of them wheeled his motorbike right upstairs and parked it in the coffee making room to mend it at lunchtime. Mind you, I quite like motorbikes.

Quest: Have you ever had sex on a motor cycle?

Secretary: You're a scream aren't you? Everything I say, you're going to ask me if I've had sex on it. Typewriter.

Quest: Pardon?

Secretary: Never mind. Did you want to know about sex on motorbikes?

Quest: Yes.

Secretary: It's easier than you think.

Quest: Across the saddle?

Secretary: Don't you ever feel randy on a motorbike?

Quest: You mean it makes you feel randy?

Secretary: I do.

Quest: Why is that?

Secretary: Because I rub against the seat and it vibrates and it goes so fast it takes my tummy away.

Quest: And this has made you want to have sex?

Secretary: It made me blush.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Because a man in a car behind could see my bum.

Quest: How could he?

Secretary: Because it blew my skirt up and I hadn't any knickers on.

Quest: Was this alone?

Secretary: No, on a big Norton with Jenks; my boyfriend. I don't like motorbikes as much as cars – they're not very private. I like cars, big cars with room in the back; you can put all the seats down like a bed. Don't you think that's a good idea? Your clothes don't get dirty in the grass, not that mine do.

Quest: Like when you made love to Jenks?

Secretary: Yes. Jenks used to get grass all over me. And men used to look at my bottom when my skirt blew up; because you have your legs wide apart and the wind goes

RARE PLEASURES FROM PAGES PAST

There's golden-haired Gail, Peta, Penny, Anna, Yvonne and a host of other fabulous girls we've persuaded to strip just for you. For only £1.50 we are offering you five top class issues of Mayfair, including a bumper 100-page anniversary issue that normally costs 50p. You will get Volume 5 No 11 (Including the sultry French Monique, shots from Satan and the Skin Game and gorgeous Gail – pictured here), Volume 6 No 1 (Alith, the beautiful black Princess and the story of the naughty school girls), No 2 (Stewardess Stella and lovely Leena who was too sexy for the Swedes), No 3 (Bejewelled Alison and sex in the British cinema) and No 12 (The unwrapped sweet Lorraine. Daydreaming Karen, nude views from Virgin on the Verge and the Zesty Best of the year's Mayfairest maidens). And a whole bundle of action packed features, deep: probing informers, specially selected cartoons and superlative fiction stories.

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right up if you don't snuggle right up close.
Quest: Tell me about the day you forgot your knickers.
Secretary: I didn't exactly forget them; I knew I didn't have any on; I forgot them leaving home. I forgot to put them in my handbag to take with me. Luckily my bum's a small bum and it's a pretty bum and I'm not going to show it you because it's a private bum.
Quest: But it wasn't private this day?
Secretary: It's all right not wearing knickers in a car isn't it? People don't see. But Jenks went over a bump and I bumped off the pillion. My mini shot out from under me. I thought; hello, my bum feels all goosey. Then I thought; horrors, don't say I'm showing.
Quest: What were you wearing then?
Secretary: Jenks said we'd just cruise around slowly and spend a day in and out of the sea on the beaches. If I'd known we'd be whizzing about on his big hairy Norton I'd have worn jeans.
Quest: How come you forgot your knickers?
Secretary: Jenks said we'd go swimming, you see? And I had a super new white Nelbarden. I wore that instead of undies under my mini and a blouse and Jenks called for me in such a rush I forgot to pack my knickers in my bag. After we went swimming I said, what am I going to do; My bikini was wet; and he said; take it off. Then I realised I hadn't got my knickers. He said all the better to root you without. I said; wicked; you're not doing that.
Quest: Jenks wanted to move to another beach?
Secretary: Didn't I say that? I did, didn't I? He said he knew a quiet beach where there was no-one at all. My bikini's wet, I said, and I've no knickers. He made me take it off in a fluffy towel and put my skirt and blouse back on. So that's how it happened.
Quest: Did Jenks stop?
Secretary: He whizzed down a farm track, laughing he was, and stopped in a cloud of dust under some trees. I had to trust him not to be randy so I nipped in the field behind the trees and ducked down to pull my bikini pants back on even though they were wet and there was Jenks, right behind me. He pushed me forward while I only had one leg in. Chris is just like that. Men are so typical.
Quest: Typical of what?
Secretary: Typical of men. They like girls' bums don't they? I expect you do. They like mine, I can tell you that. I'm always being caught, bending over, typical, the story of my life. It's barmy, bottoms are. Jenks, Jenks, I said, what on earth do you think you're doing. I stopped falling by holding onto the tree trunk. We were behind the trees in the corn. He was pushing between the backs of my legs before I could defend myself. I didn't really want to stop him. But I said, you've got to wear a safe. I'm not doing it unless you are. Chris tried it on without a safe the first time. He buys black ones, now, just for me.
Quest: Was Jenks wearing one?
Secretary: We had been on dates before; he had some with him – he'd just forgotten to put it on so I made him.
Quest: You were holding onto the tree and . . .
Secretary: Against the tree with my arms round the trunk and my legs apart and my skirt round my waist and my bum bare.
Quest: And Jenks was struggling with his black safe?
Secretary: No, Chris has black ones. This was a usual one. I think Jenks got them from machines. I wish I could go on the Pill. Why do men like sex from behind? I like it but I wonder. I like to put my hand through between my thighs and grab them.
Quest: You did this with Jenks?
Secretary: But Chris is much nicer with my breasts than Jenks.
Quest: How?
Secretary: I don't harp on my breasts because they're small. But Chris tells me they're nice.
Quest: Tell me about Chris.
Secretary: You know how it is when you have a few drinks inside.
Quest: Tell me how it is.
Secretary: I go a bit barmy. I'm not so shy when I'm a couple of Bacardis down as I am now.
Quest: How did you act with Chris?
Secretary: I acted flirty with the others, but I couldn't with Chris. I didn't feel like doing anything that didn't mean something, and him knowing it.
Quest: You were flirting in the office?
Secretary: No, the pub at lunchtime. He always went to a pub at lunchtime. We went in John's car and Chris's car; John works with Chris in the room at the end of the room where I work with the other secretaries; we're in one big room on the same floor. I fancied Chris the minute I laid eyes on him. I didn't have a boyfriend in London then. Chris wears lots of purple shirts unbuttoned at the neck and he's got blonde hair. He's not all that tall but he wears very slim tight trousers. John does too but he's always going round bragging about not wearing underpants; you can see too. Chris isn't like that, he's much quieter and very kind and understanding.
Quest: How long had you been with the firm when you went drinking with them?
Secretary: Three days. I was counting the days to when Chris would notice me and do something.
Quest: Like what?
Secretary: Like asking me out.
Quest: How did he ask you to go to the pub?
Secretary: He didn't. John asked me but I managed to go in Chris's car. I think it was a shooting brake. There was one other man and three other girls, one was the girl whose job I was taking over; she'd been showing me the ropes around the office mostly; it was because she was leaving we were all going for a drink and not just Chris and John. We went to a super pub at Wimbledon. And it was a lovely hot sunny day. Chris takes me to the pub every lunchtime, because there's nowhere to make love when he takes me home in the evening because it's all through town.
Quest: I take it Chris is married then?
Secretary: Of course he is; he's at least thirty-five; he doesn't show it mind, but he is, you can see the experience in his face.
Quest: And he can't stay late in town?
Secretary: He travels miles every day, right from Brighton where he lives. He doesn't like staying late.
Quest: Tell me what happened at the pub?
Secretary: We all lay on the grass – a big dip between the pub and the road – and there were trees and lots of people laying on the grass too. I think Chris bought the first round; hmm, when he looked into my eyes to ask me what I was having I thought I'd say; I'm having you though you don't know it yet, man. I felt really fabulous; I love laying on grass in the sun. I pretended I didn't feel brilliantly well. And I asked Chris to take me back before the others left.
Quest: How did you manage that?
Secretary: We went into the pub first – I think we had the first two rounds there. I was being flirty with John. We were all sitting down – at a table first and I sat on John's knee because there weren't any more chairs. John had his drink in one hand and because we were all sitting in a circle, he put his hand on my bum and started rubbing it. So I jumped up. You're not a gentleman, I said. So I went round to Chris. And I felt very thumpy – and I just sat straight down on his lap before he could say anything, I was sitting on him before he knew and laughing. I hope you're more of a gentleman, I said. He smiled and said he was. I blushed a lot.
Quest: What happened then?
Secretary: It was hot and we all trooped outside onto the grass.
Quest: And you flirted on the grass?
Secretary: Not much. I nearly fell asleep, it was so warm and nice out on the grass. I lay on my tummy and picked bits of grass. Chris was looking at me then. I thought, well, he noticed me at long last. I laddered my tights too on the horrid grass. It was horrid when it laddered my tights. I didn't like the grass when it did that.
Quest: So you stamped your pretty foot?
Secretary: How did you know that; you're guessing. I went to the ladies and took them off. Who needs tights on a hot day anyway?
Quest: What happened then?
Secretary: I suffered all their comments about ants and grass in it. So I lay on my

back and I felt very drowsy and heady. Chris came and knelt beside me; I wasn't talking to anyone; and asked me did I feel all right. Didn't he make it easy for me? Would you like me to take you back, he said, if you don't feel well. Yes, please, I said, would you. So he did in his big shooting brake.

Quest: Can you tell me what happened in the car?

Secretary: He stopped behind some trees.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Because we couldn't do it while he was driving. I could, but he couldn't.

Quest: But how did this happen?

Secretary: I pretended to be very dozy and fuddled and heady in the car and I leant against him.

Quest: How?

Secretary: I pretended to slump against him and I put my hand on his thigh. I think he was astonished; I did feel woozy anyway, though I was determined to be whether I was or not. We got back to the office very late. Chris had to say I wasn't well on the way back; that's why he was taking me back anyway, wasn't it?

Quest: Why did you get back late?

Secretary: When I slumped on him I could feel him growing right under my hand. I didn't press him at all; I was pretending to be half asleep as though my hand had fallen there by mistake. We weren't going very quickly then. He took one hand from the wheel and put it round me under my arm to support me, and I was still pretending to be asleep, but his hand touched my breast and I clamped my arm down over it so it was squashed against me. He held my breast in his hand then and I pretended I was miles away but my nipple gave me away. That happens doesn't it?

Quest: So you think he knew you were shamming?

Secretary: Course he did; he took his arm away and drove on and stopped and then he pushed me back in the seat. He leaned across and I felt him undo my blouse buttons; my legs were all over the place, they were wide apart. And he kissed my breasts, not my face first or my neck, but my breasts; he seemed to flick my nipples round with his tongue inside his mouth. How could I stop myself making that noise? A girl can keep a straight face for so long, but what he did to my breasts with his gentle fingers and his mouth, that was too much. I let go a shameless moan and put my arms round his neck. When I opened my eyes, he was still kissing my breast but grinning up at me too and I couldn't help but grin back. You do know I'm married don't you? That was all he said. I put my hand on his trousers. He didn't say anything then. We talked afterwards; we discussed a lot of things.

Quest: What did he do when you put your hand on his trousers?

Secretary: He grabbed me by my thighs and smoothed them up the insides. Isn't sex hard in the front of a car? I pushed myself down the seat at him and he worked just one finger round the elastic and popped it in, hmm. I jerked up and down because it makes me jerk and I rubbed him too. Very tasty.

Quest: Do you?

Secretary: What?

Quest: Taste it.

Secretary: Don't be so awful, I don't like doing that. I know lots of girls do, it's the thing to do. I don't enjoy it. I did once because I thought we were going to be engaged. I even tried that just to make him, but my mouth felt horrid after. I didn't again.

Quest: So what did you do with Christopher's?

Secretary: I helped him pull it out. It was so cramped in the front. He had to push his seat back to get round the steering wheel. He pulled my bottom forward; the sun was coming through the windscreen on my thighs; they were all over warm and loose. He pulled me round facing him with my head against the door and lifted my bum up in both hands and pulled my knickers up to my knees; because my feet were in the air. Then he made my legs go over his shoulder: he was in such a hurry, he didn't take my knickers right down. He was nudging at me but I was tight because my thighs were together so I held myself open with my fingers. When he was in, the gear thing kept banging into me and I told him. Right, my funny nymph, he said, we'll do it a way where I can keep an eye open for anyone coming. You can guess what way that was. Kneeling on the seat with my bum in the air, curled up on my head and my knees so I could see back between my thighs, and watch him coming into me.

Quest: You enjoyed that?

Secretary: Hmmm. I did that thing with my hand. Getting hold of him. I held my hand against it to stop it popping out. It can do that very often and spoil it all. Then I remembered about a safe and I tried to stop him. I'm not on the Pill or anything, I said. He stopped and said, hell, or something; then he said, don't worry, I'll pull out in time. He did, too. I hate having to do things after sex – I always want to doze off or at least snooze there and think about it. Oh, I always like it that way now, it's far better. And Chris is so tasty, I arrange his magic markers in colours.

Quest: Meaning?

Secretary: I nip in his office – he does coloured drawings for the firm – and he has big trays of felt things called magic markers. I arrange them all in colours so he can find them – he likes that. He gives me a super cuddle too if John's not in and, what shall we do for lunch today, he says and puts his hand on my bottom.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Housewife, 34 years old, black hair, town of origin York**

This interviewee had been married twelve years. Her husband was managing director of a firm of building contractors and spent several weeks of the year away from home. The interviewee was a keen horsewoman and had been an active member of the local dramatic society. Husband and wife had moved south shortly after marrying. There were two children.

Quest: In Brian's car – this was the first time you've been unfaithful to your husband.

Housewife: I suppose we have to mention his awful name?

Quest: I'd like you to tell me how he seduced you, but first, has anything like this happened before?

Housewife: Are you trying to suggest that I do that sort of thing all the time?

Quest: You regret that it ever happened?

Housewife: How deceitful and underhand it was in his horrid little car. Ugh, those things, in the grass.

Quest: What things in the grass?

Housewife: Those, those contraceptive things. The grass was littered with them, absolutely littered.

Quest: It was a favourite place for young couples?

Housewife: The heel of my best shoes impaled one of the awful things as I left the car.

Quest: You were wearing high heeled shoes?

Housewife: Of course; I was quite properly dressed.

Quest: How?

Housewife: In a suit. I hate being untidy. I hated myself for everything. I suppose one always does afterwards.

Quest: How did this lapse occur with Brian?

Housewife: He merely gave me a lift home from the drama soc. The fact that it was a rather upsetting evening for me, and that my husband had been rather neglecting his husbandly duties of late, probably made the whole affair more understandable. It's certainly never happened before. I was certainly not a virgin when we married but this has been my one and only lapse I assure you.

Quest: Before you were married you had an affair?

Housewife: My family are great believers in getting that sort of thing out of one's system early on.

Quest: How did you lose your virginity?

Housewife: I have been very fond of horseriding from childhood. There were no problems there.

Quest: Tell me about your first man.

Housewife: Roger penetrated me when I was seventeen. He was a much older man. I think that is the best way. They have the experience just when one needs it. He was astonished that I had so much pubic hair.

Quest: Can you tell me a little more?

Housewife: He was a rather crude man but I determined to have him. I was a most determined young lady. I took Freebooter up to his stables. Freebooter was my mare and I made rather free with his feed. I jumped her over his fence and through his vegetables and he came to the stable to tear me off a strip. I was a truculent young lady. I swung my hips at him. One is very precocious at that age. I told him he knew what he could do with his stupid vegetables but he wouldn't dare lay a finger on me. I had remarkable breasts even at that age and my shirt was rather loosely buttoned. I was wearing one of my mother's brassieres. He told me he had

half a mind to whip me on the spot. I told him he wouldn't dare. I think he was utterly shocked I acted in that way. I told him to go and take a jump at himself and made to walk past him from the stables. He grasped hold of my arm and spun me about to face him and told me he was going to spank me. I said he couldn't. He put me across his knee in the hay as easily as I would with one of my dolls. I was a big girl then but he was bigger. I thought, now I would feel a real man and I wedged my hand beneath me and searched around for it. His hand came down twice and I found it. It wasn't terribly impressive. It was hard because he wanted to spank me, but not so impressive as I imagined it would be. He lifted me from his knee and asked me what I thought I was doing. But he knew really. I asked him if he wouldn't rather me do something else. He crushed me to him and when he felt my breasts against him he went wild. Even after we'd done it he didn't seem quite able to understand it. I'm afraid I didn't appreciate what all the fuss was about. I knew I was no longer a virgin in all senses of the word but sex did nothing for me with Roger. So I never returned for a second bite. He was rather quick.

Quest: This is obviously not the way sex happened with Brian?

Housewife: Good Lord no, I got all that precocious business out of my system long before I married. To my knowledge I never directly seduced my husband.

Quest: You had been neglected by your husband at the time Brian seduced you?

Housewife: Yes. I was feeling rather frustrated. I had actually taken to wearing stockings and suspenders in order to excite him but they seemed to have little effect.

Quest: Were you wearing stockings to go to the drama society?

Housewife: Well, yes, I had gone back to wearing them. I thought, in deference to my husband's little whims. I could never quite reconcile myself to tights, perhaps because I grew up in suspenders.

Quest: Did the stockings turn Brian on?

Housewife: Really, he hadn't a clue I was wearing anything like that until he lifted up my skirt. Of course they did then. He kissed me voraciously then as though the opportunity might never occur again. And it won't as far as I'm concerned, I can assure you.

Quest: What went wrong at the drama soc?

Housewife: I was down to play my first good part actually. I was looking forward to it, but I was rather insulted during the reading by the producer and some of the cast.

Quest: How, exactly?

Housewife: I would rather not say. I had been looking forward to it and instead I was practically reduced to tears.

Quest: And Brian happened to be there at the right moment?

Housewife: I thought I knew Brian quite well. I think he was the only one who wasn't against me; they thought I was too hoity-toity, I know them.

Quest: You hadn't gone there in your own car?

Housewife: No, the Range Rover was in for a service. My husband took me there – he had to go on somewhere and he was coming back to pick me up. But frankly, I couldn't stay there another minute. I was determined to walk home if nothing else. Country lanes don't frighten me. I didn't think they would. But the sounds one hears at night and the occasional cars full of strangers. A bat practically landed in my hair. By the time Brian drove up beside me I was close to tears and not a little frightened. I think I was so pleased to see him then, I wept.

Quest: What does Brian do at the drama society?

Housewife: He was the stage manager for this particular production. He's not married. I think he's twenty-nine or thirty. I always thought he was just a little that way inclined. The other way, a little funny where women were concerned. if you understand what I mean?

Quest: So you obviously felt very safe with him?

Housewife: I certainly hadn't an inkling the evening would turn out as it did. I thought I could weep on his shoulder and talk to him rather like a female friend without having my breasts fondled and my underwear ripped off. Though it seemed rather pleasant at the time. I felt utterly disgusted with myself when he'd finished working my lust from me and I stepped from his car and put my heel through that contraceptive that was lying on the grass.

Quest: Was it Brian's?

Housewife: Of course not. He didn't use anything so degrading as that. I am a liberated woman, I am on the Pill.

Quest: Tell me what happened in the car.

Housewife: Brian drove on a little way and then stopped. My mascara was running a little, I think. I was sobbing to myself. Brian stopped the car and turned and put his arm round me and cuddled me and asked me to tell him what was wrong. He knew about the drama incident and I told him about my husband. I didn't think I was very attractive any more and Brian told me how attractive he thought I was. It was late evening but not completely dark and his face looked so sincere and comforting. I began to feel much better for the telling and I think I realised then he had put his hand inside the jacket of my suit onto my blouse and was fondling my breast very gently through my brassiere. It seemed to be in such a nice way that I hadn't the will to prevent him. He called me Sarah, almost like a young lover, and told me how beautiful and desirable I was and he began to be bitchy about all the others in the drama soc and all the time working away on my nipple. He said he wanted to kiss the ache in my heart better. I still wasn't frightened of him. He kissed my cheek and my nipple was throbbing. He began to kiss the underside of my neck and his lips moved down under my blouse. He unbuttoned my jacket and my blouse and pulled one cup of my bra up over my breast and it hung down below it and he kissed that many times. Then I realised exactly what was happening to me and I was frightened because I knew I urgently wanted it. I pushed him away and I said: Brian, we mustn't do this. Why are we doing this? What are you trying to do to me? He said: Sarah, I'm going to screw you so thoroughly you'll never get bitchy again. I said: Brian, what on earth are you talking about? I'm not bitchy at all. I must admit I felt quite foolish and excited and I hoped in a way he wouldn't stop. Then he brought his mouth down very hard on mine and my resistance fled. I put my arms round his neck and lay my head back as he worked his mouth down my breasts as far as he could go to the belt of my skirt. He pushed my skirt up with his other hand and I suddenly realised he had seen my suspenders and it had excited him. He fondled my thigh and I helped him spread them apart on the seat. I could absolutely smell my own heat. He started to lift me up from the seat and tug my lacy underwear away. I lifted my knees so he could pull them down from my feet. He bent right over and kissed me there and Brian found my pubic hair very exciting to touch. I hung my head over the back of the seat and reared my buttocks in the air right away from the seat. Then he stopped and I sank back onto the seat making silly throat noises and breathing too much. Both my breasts had left my bra and they were heaving up and down. Brian held my hand and moved it to his trousers and pressed it hard against them. I took the hint and undid his zip. He lifted his bottom off the seat so I could do it. He was still exciting my breast with one hand. He did have a good one. It was heavy and masculine, very masculine. I took it from his trousers with my hand and he put his hand on mine and moved it up and down and I went on doing that when he took his hand away. He caught my hair and pushed my head down to his lap. I kissed him. I said: Please, Brian, finish me off, Brian. We had to climb over the seats into the rear seat to make love. Brian sat on the seat and I sat on his lap. We didn't take any of our clothes off at all. I put my knees on the seat and faced him and he helped me lower myself onto him. It felt very good. I think we both climaxed together. I held onto him by placing my arms around the back of his neck and he helped me to screw up and down with his hands under my buttocks. He climaxed right inside me and I flapped about like a puppet. I do make love on the top. I do prefer it. I was pumping up and down on him very quickly and vigorously towards the end, moaning at Brian, not to have his climax until I did. My hair was a shocking mess and my clothes were all disarranged. Then, when I toppled right over on him and I felt him still pumping furiously away, I began to feel sticky and dirty and disgusting. Then, getting out of the car, I put my heel on that thing.

Quest: Your husband knows about this?

Housewife: Rodney? Yes, I told him directly. I think he has forgiven me. He doesn't neglect his duties now, I will say that for him.

Quest: Thank you.

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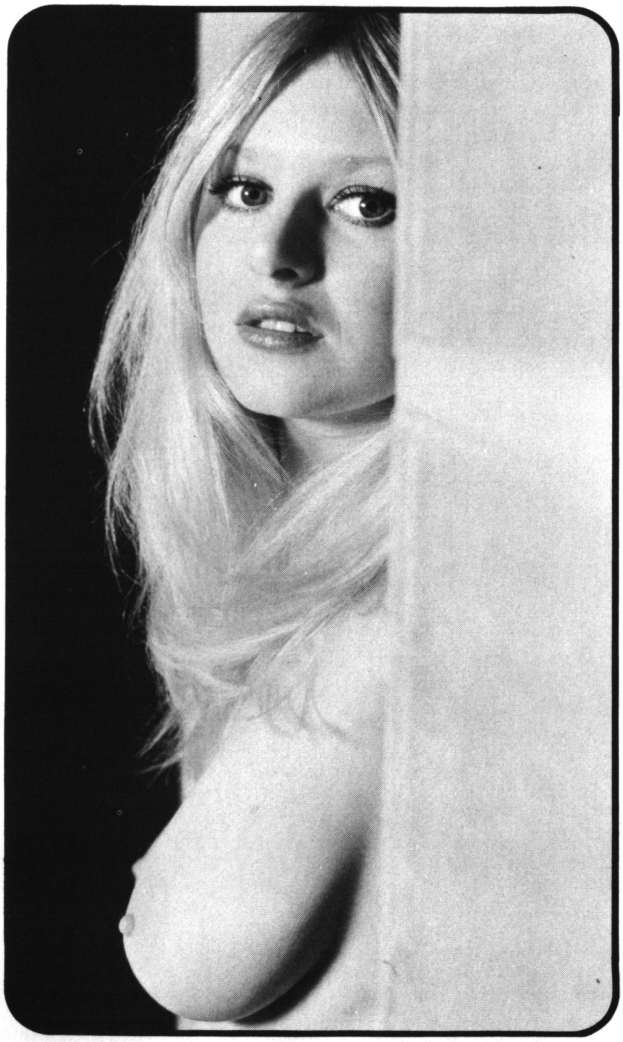

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The Frenchman who flew into legend

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squadron now devolved on his close friend and rival ace, Alfred Hertaux.

Although he fought savagely, enjoying descriptions of German airmen jumping out in midair or going down in flames, Guynemer was by no means devoid of chivalry. This is well illustrated in an encounter he had with an Albatros D5 in June 1917.

Both pilots were flying solo and in the ensuing 20 minute duel Guynemer realised he was matched with a real expert; despite much intricate manoeuvring, neither airman had been able to achieve a hit. Eventually Guynemer spotted the German pilot wrestling with his jammed machine guns and realised that his opponent could no longer fire. He flew alongside the Albatros, gave a cheery wave and then dived back for his own lines. This chivalrous gesture was to cost the Allied cause dearly, for the German pilot, an ace of Jasta 15, was to go on to survive the war with a final score of 62 – he was Ernst Udet.

With the group moving to St Pol near Dunkerque, Guynemer took his score past the 50 mark with characteristic panache, disposing of an Albatros two-seater and a DFW artillery spotter in the space of five minutes. But the strain was beginning to tell on him and towards the end he was becoming moody and preoccupied. 'I have been too lucky,' he observed on one occasion, 'and feel as if I must pay for it.' During his last leave at Compiègne his father tried once more to get him to retire from active service and take an instructor's job. 'You will admit,' he pointed out, 'that human strength has its limits.' To which Guynemer replied: 'Yes, a limit which we must endeavour to leave behind' and then he added: 'We have given nothing as long as we have not given everything.' That conversation took place on September 4. Exactly one week later the final touches were applied to the Guynemer legend.

Hertaux had been shot down and badly injured shortly before, adding a further load to Guynemer's overworked nerves by saddling him with the squadron command, a task which he did not accept happily. Bored and frustrated with the paper work of command, he sought relief in the air and at 8 o'clock on the morning of September 11 1917 he took off with a young squadron-mate Lieutenant Bozon-Verduraz.

Over Poelcapelle, north west of Ypres, they spotted an Aviatik two-seater and Guynemer dived to attack while Bozon-Verduraz maintained his own position, on the lookout for further enemy aircraft. Sure enough, eight enemy single-seaters appeared and Bozon-Verduraz flew towards them with the idea of drawing them away from Guynemer. His brush with the enemy scouts was inconclusive and, losing them in a cloud bank, Bozon-Verduraz returned to Poelcapelle but found the sky empty. Guynemer had disappeared and nothing was ever seen of him again – at least by friendly eyes.

For a week there was no word and a mournful vigil was maintained by the Storks, hoping against hope for favourable news. Then all hope was gone and gradually small bits of information began to filter through from the German side of the lines. Just what happened to Guynemer is still something of a mystery. A German report stated that the wreckage of his Spad had been examined shortly before the machine and its occupant had been blown to fragments by British shellfire.

They found the pilot and identified him from papers on the body. He had been shot through the head, the forefinger of his left hand had been shot away and a leg had been broken in the crash. He was supposed to have been vanquished by a two-seater pilot, one Kurt Wissemann, but this theory is somewhat doubtful – and if Wissemann was Guynemer's executioner he paid the price in appropriate coinage by falling shortly afterwards to the guns of René Fonck who was to assume a small corner of Guynemer's mantle as the French ace of aces for the remainder of the war.

All France was stunned by the news and politicians outdid one another in framing eulogies to commemorate the great man. Perhaps typical were the words of President Georges Clemençau when he said: 'Guynemer was merely a puissant idea in a rather frail body, and I have lived near him with the secret sorrow of knowing that some day the idea would slay the container . . . He will remain the model hero, a living legend, the greatest in all history.' But it was a leader writer in *L'Illustration* who expressed the final word on the subject:

'He was neither seen nor heard as he fell, his body and his machine were never found. Where has he gone? By what wings did he manage to glide into immortality? Nobody knows: nothing is known. He ascended and never came back, that is all. Perhaps our descendants will say: "He flew so high that he could not come down again" '

And to this day the legend still persists among French schoolchildren that Guynemer 'flew so high that he could not come down again.'

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Harry's Problem

continued from page 12

'You're a pal, Ali. It just might work.' He added prudently, 'But don't let your imagination run away with you. We haven't got gas in this room, have we?'

I met Juliet 'accidentally' as she was emerging from the dress salon where she worked. She must have taken the job seriously because it was nearly seven o'clock when she came out.

'Have a drink with me?' I asked after we had enacted the ritual gestures of surprise appropriate to our meeting. Could Harry be persuaded to pay my expenses?

Juliet hesitated charmingly but eventually agreed. I sensed that she was curious and I deliberately kept her curiosity simmering by maintaining a non-stop flow of chatter about everything except Harry. She must have been astonished by how much I knew (and related at length) about the Russo-Japanese war at the beginning of the century. Too well-bred to cut me short, she drank four gins during the course of the conflict.

But curiosity finally exploded her good manners. 'Harry,' she asked urgently, 'how is he?'

'All right,' I replied tersely and resumed, 'Of course, Manchuria is still a danger point in the Far East though the alliances have – '

'Alistair! Will you please tell me how Harry is?'

Innocent and aggrieved I enquired: 'Why? Is something wrong between you?'

'Hasn't he told you?'

'He never talks to me about his girls.' A grave lie, but nicely put, I congratulated myself.

'Girls?' She hissed that plural.

'I don't know. As I say, we never discuss each other's affairs.'

'Well, have you noticed any change in him lately?'

I bowed my head humbly. 'I'm afraid,' I confessed, 'that men tend not to be as sensitive to these delicate nuances as women are.'

She looked so woebegone that I reached out automatically and put a comforting hand on her knee. A delectably rounded knee, I noticed immediately. More to the point, I noticed her electric reaction: a slight start, then a relaxing, a momentary gleam in the eyes, a tell-tale parting of the lips. A girl, I sensed, ripe for the plucking – or something similar.

Should I?

It would be the basest form of treachery.

Such a lovely round knee . . . and beautifully silky thigh.

Poor Harry!

It's me she wants.

Is it? Or is she just desperate – and gin soaked?

'You're a very attractive girl, Juliet.'

Tell me to remove my hand and I'll be an honourable man.

'You – you find me desirable?'

'Very.'

'Alistair, this is a public place.'

'We could . . .'

In the taxi (which, curiously, she did not appear to consider a public place), we embraced with escalating passion. To my shame, I have to confess that I did not think about Harry except to pray that she would not mention him again and that he would be out when we arrived back at the flat.

We stumbled upstairs together, desire mounting with each step, pausing for breath and kisses every few moments. I began to fear that we would collapse in ecstasy on the landing outside Mrs Higgins' door.

Reaching our own floor, I dug into my pocket for my key, cursing when it would not unlock the door to paradise.

The door swung open suddenly. Harry, of course, puzzled but not suspicious.

Juliet threw herself at him.

'Oh Harry!' she moaned. 'My darling, darling Harry!'

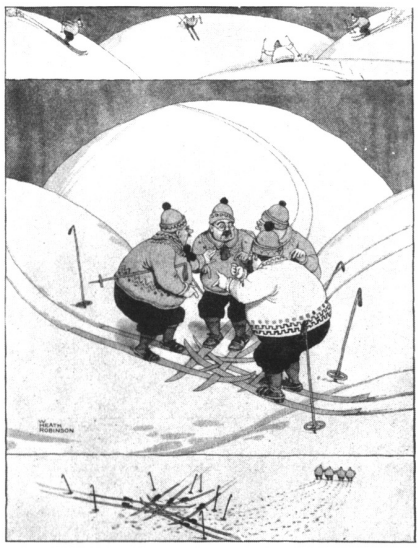
I leaned back feebly on the parapet. I could not be sure but she seemed to be tearing off his clothes. I was amazed by the treachery of women. The door swung shut. Legs like jelly, I stood and stared at the lock where my key was still uselessly stuck.

When I had regained sufficient breath to whistle, I tried a few bars of 'Loch Lomond'.

'Pull,' I heard Harry say and I went back down the stairs carefully, miserable in the knowledge that even an advert in tomorrow's 'Times' would be too late to bring relief to *my* problem.

'A fresh supply of pegs, Eddie.'

How to ski on a falling pound



For a ski-lift this winter try package deals and remote places

By Kenneth Bound

We once-a-year skiers have grown to be philosophical about falls, including crutch-stirring Christine falling for that ape-like ski instructor. This season, however, we face the most juddering fall of all – that of the British pound in relation to most European currencies. Where does that leave us – the newly-impoverished British skiers? Standing in deep snow with our pants round our ski-boots, you might ruefully suppose.

Fortunately, the picture is not as bleak as it might be. Thanks, in the main, to our much maligned package holiday companies. The British operators of ski holidays have an immense amount of expertise at both discovering new resorts and keeping price and standard control at existing ones.

So what is on offer for 1974?

Firstly, there are some intriguing new resorts in countries largely unaffected by see-sawing European currencies.

Take Andorra, for example, wedged up in the Pyrenees between France and Spain. The currency is the peseta and that has been less affected than most in relation to the pound. Ski-plan are doing their first ever programme here. A fortnight mid-season here with full pension can be had for £67. This price shows little advantage over other resorts but it's what you have to pay for drinks and entertainments when you get there that makes the difference.

Clarksons are repeating their very successful venture in Formigal in the Spanish Pyrenees. It enjoys a long season and has good facilities. Mid-season there are a choice of hotels for under £70 a fortnight. Ski-plan's really adventurous newcomers are Romania and Bulgaria. Ski-plan have strengthened their links with BEA and use their scheduled or charter flights.

In Poiana Brasov, in Romania, you can have a fortnight for £63, the same price for Pamporovo in Bulgaria, while the Bulgarian resorts of Vitosha and Borovetz can do the same for £58 and £59 respectively. Hotels are good, facilities a bit limited but the alcoholic atmosphere is unbeatable. No one in these countries appears to have heard of standard measures.

The Italian lire has for the most part suffered as the pound, thus making Italy even better value than before. Ski-plan, and Inghams, both offer a wide range of resorts and prices. In general you get what you pay for and different prices quoted by two companies for the same hotel often reflect different standard of rooms. The big draw for Italy is that the quoted prices are likely to be final prices and drinks and entertainment are still reasonable.

How about France? Last year I went to Flaine, the purpose-built resort high in the Haut Savoie. For those accustomed to picturesque Austria or Switzerland it was a revelation. Rather ugly concrete blocks loosely grouped around a square. But that was the worst of it. The rest was all good. Superb French food, heated swimming pool, ice rink, and the most incredible ski-lift facilities including 'les oeufs', dinky two-man automatic egg-like nascelles that drift you high over the slopes. A real jet-set resort and with the considerable advantage that the girls wear French cut ski-pants (how sad that only French tailors appreciate that a girl's bottom, for ski-pants purposes, is a plurality of two cheeks jostling on the disputed frontier of the central seam).

The hotel I stayed in last year would now cost more than £150 for a fortnight booked through Inghams or Ski-plan. Is Flaine then out?

Not so. Part of the build-up of Flaine has been apartment blocks sold to private buyers. To my surprise, English skiers were among the most ready purchasers. The answer here is to keep a look out for small ads in *The Times* offering to rent out these apartments during the weeks the owners are not using them. You can then pay the rent in England in sterling and not be subject to an adverse exchange rate. Flaine has several places where quite cheap meals can be had, you can eat most days on supermarket shopping and your wine will be much cheaper. On special evenings eat out at the top hotels where the restaurants are excellent.

And lastly, what about poor Austria? One time dreamland of all English jolly-time skiers. Friendly welcome, cheap wine, picturesque villages, bargain price knees-ups. Alas, the picturesque villages are there but not the rest. Austria has its export markets hitched to the German mark and the schilling has to go with it. Added to this there are certain state taxes on many of those pleasures you must have on a good holiday (Quiet Knox, not that). The Austrians in the ski villages are a bit shattered by it all. When I recently went to Zell am See with Ski-plan the town and state tourist men were at the greatest pains to say that the friendliness was definitely still there but that they well understood that English people did not feel very friendly after being charged the equivalent of 40p for a small beer. Is there any answer for Austria? Yes, perhaps. Ski-plan, for instance, have sought out more new Austrian resorts. Some of these are still unsophisticated villages, a bit new even to the foreign hordes. In spite of taxes and poor exchange rates, their drinks and entertainment can still be afforded without too much of a grimace. Wagrain, for example, South of Salzburg in the Radstädter Mountains, is a charming unspoilt village only just being discovered by British skiers. Ski-plan, at the time of the brochure printing in July, were offering 11 days bed and breakfast mid-season for £42.

Finally, cheer yourself up with the thought that it will cost you almost as much to stay at home, and, at least you won't be collecting parking tickets.

LETTERS

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attempting to restore this locomotive and as the society's Historical Advisor I have been trying to follow the life of the loco. You may be interested in the following facts.

It was in fact built by the North British Locomotive Works in Glasgow in 1946 and spent most of its working life on British Railways' Eastern Region, running out of Liverpool Street after nationalisation. Its last known shed was at Parkstone Quay and its last job that of a stationary boiler and carriage heater at Collwick. However on January 3, 1966, it went to the L.M.R. for conversion as a snow plough, but this was never done and it moved on to Barry as scrap. It is the sole Eastern Region locomotive there.

This is all that I have been able to trace of the locomotive's history and I would be most grateful if any of your readers could enlighten me further. Engineering drawings would also be very welcome.

J. M. Standing, Rolling Stock Society, London N10

Recently I picked up a copy of *Mayfair* out of curiosity and read a letter in which a woman described how she seduced a younger man. I feel I must write and tell you how this has helped me to realise that I am not as abnormal as I feared and that other women also feel my attraction for very much younger men.

I am 36 years old and have been married for eight years. Four years ago I worked in a branch of a supermarket loading the self service bays from stock. In the stockroom were several young lads whose job it was to load and unload all the heavy packages and break them down to manageable sizes for the women to handle. There was always a lot of back chat and sometimes it got a bit blue. One of the youths was always brushing past me whenever he could and one of the older women said to me one day, 'Why don't you put that poor little bugger out of his misery?' I was a bit taken aback, but the woman explained how he was always looking at me, trying to squeeze close to, and then diving off to the toilet when he had. I felt myself colour up. The next day at work I had the most strange sensations and several times had to go and relieve myself, a point which didn't go unnoticed among my workmates. I tried to pass it off by saying I had an upset stomach. But a very knowing lady in our midst burst out, 'If you ask me you've got a fire burning in your bush,' and added, 'There's a few hoses in here that would just love to try and put it out.' Laughter and more leg pulling followed.

As we opened six days a week we had a half day off during the week and I was glad that that afternoon was mine. I went straight home for a bath and decided that I'd give my husband a surprise when he walked in. Usually he had to suggest certain things to me but this afternoon my imagination was working overtime. I dressed in my gear and put on a frock which buttoned down the front.

I was sitting down with a coffee in the lounge when someone knocked at the door. Standing there looking very smart was my young man from work. Before I could say anything he thrust from behind his back a lovely bunch of flowers and asked me to accept them as an apology for the embarrassment he had been causing me at work. Totally bemused I asked him in and offered him a cup of coffee. I was glad to get into the kitchen. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, his hands clasped over his knees, when I returned with the coffee. I told him he must drink it and go. I sat on the settee where I'd arranged the cushions so that I could recline, and asked him just what it was about me that upset him so much. 'It's your legs, you wear stockings . . .' he said and his voice trailed off as I lifted my legs and leant my inside leg against the back of the sofa. The two bottom buttons of my dress were already undone and I undid a third and raised my leg higher. My frock began to drop down showing my bare thigh and suspenders and the front of his trousers seemed to be under a great deal of strain. I dropped my straight leg to the floor and told him to shut the door because it was draughty. As he got up, turning his back, I quickly undid the last buttons

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The spirit of France is quite intoxicating.
78° Proof. Ricard, No.1 in France, is now in London.

'She says she might confess if we give her another session.'

LETTERS

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of my frock and the look on his face when he turned round was a picture. After that there was no holding him back and though he ejaculated prematurely when I first plucked him free of his trousers we went on to make love several times, before I made him leave. I'd never experienced such joy before but on reflection realised I'd been entirely intoxicated by the power I'd felt showing him my body.

Fortunately my husband was late that night and I was fast asleep by the time he crept alongside me. At work the next day I was a bit apprehensive but I needn't have worried. All I got from the lad was a pleasurable smile which I was able to return. I thought it unwise to form a permanent relationship and on the many other occasions I've exhibited my charms to a pop-eyed youth I've stopped short of full intercourse, worried that I was becoming kinky. But it's pleasant to know that other women find the same delight that I do.

Mrs D.E.D., London W1

I observed with pleasure your splendid article in Vol. 8 No. 3 on the retired ladies of Barry, the old railway locomotives at Woodham's Yard. It's heartening to have read since that several will in fact be saved by preservation societies. Your readers may be interested to hear of a project to save and extend an actual railway – the Ffestiniog Railway in North Wales, the first narrow gauge system ever authorised to carry passengers. The line already extends from Porthmadog to Dduallt, two thirds of the total distance to its original destination, Blaenau Ffestiniog. It will be impossible to follow the old route exactly because it is now covered by a reservoir at Llyo Ystradau but a deviation around the new lake is currently under construction. Incidentally to climb to the new level, the railway follows a spiral route – believed to be the first spiral on any passenger-carrying railway in Britain. All the work is done entirely by volunteers, but accommodation and food is supplied at a modest cost and travel arrangements made where possible. We would gladly welcome anyone for a hard-working and very healthy weekend in North Wales.

C. H. Noel, Llyn Ystradau Deviation Project, Abingdon Road, London W8

Thank you very much for the pictures of the steam engine scrapyard at Barry (Vol. 8 No. 3). Do you think it could be followed up by engines in working order, since rows of derelict locomotives are rather depressing? There's plenty of scope; for example, the Bluebell Railway has a fine variety, as do the Severn Valley Railway and the Great Western Society. British Rail also run steam tours with famous engines.

A. L. Bennett, London SE23

We hope to include a picture feature on the Birmingham Railway Museum at Tyseley in the very near future.

In a local TV show 'Scotland Today' Fanny Cradock was guesting and baking doughnuts. When they were ready host Bill Tenant looked hungrily at them then at the camera and said, 'And for all you folks at home I hope all your doughnuts look like Fanny's.'

Eric Strachan, Edinburgh

Your letters on penile size in Vol. 8 No. 8 are very revealing in that they show – surprisingly in these days of sexual explicitness – how the myth of the large penis and its superiority for satisfaction of the woman over the normal penis still survives.

Since the average vagina is about three and a half inches long, though it may be extended in intercourse, and the os uteri is at the top end of it and is sensitive in intercourse – a source of satisfaction to some women is to have it gently touched with the tip of the male organ, if possible with a gentle circular motion – it follows that a man with an overdeveloped organ (however proud he may be of his length and apparent virility) is at some risk, if he is not considerate, of injuring his partner. Perhaps the name of Fatty Arbuckle is not known in this connection? What is more important to an experienced woman, and especially to one who has had children. is the *width* of the top of the penis – the glans. If large and wide this is productive of far more satisfaction than sheer length, and women who have a normal or small vagina will all know that the strange pumping or 'sucking' effect of the wider organ with a large glans is utterly thrilling. There is an audible effect also, which adds excitement to some of us. Asian girls, especially Korean and Japanese, are very excited by the thickness of the 'mushroom', as some of them call it, and far less pleased – in fact, at times terrified – by sheer length. Their techniques of fondling and stroking the glans are superb. I wonder how many women know of the fascination of such caresses when the hands are lightly covered with lubricating cold cream, and the touch is so light as to be almost unfelt – the main attention concentrated on the tips of the glans? Perhaps this is where oriental love technique is so superior to what many of us know in other places. Virility is largely a matter of the volume and force of the ejaculation. Studies by Kinsey – especially the one of the female – Masters and Johnson and others clearly show what many have suspected for some time – that not the man with the big penis but the big and powerful ejaculation is the one who experiences the most intense and long-lasting orgasm, and who – with a really experienced woman – gives the most pleasure. She is able to feel clearly the distinct spasms or pulses of the man's orgasm, especially at her own climax. Van der Velde ('Ideal Love') clearly emphasises this.

So, having disposed of the length of the penis – four to seven inches can be considered normal, most anatomists consider – let us consider the volume and force of the ejaculation. Usually a man after a few days' continence and in good health will ejaculate between two and four millilitres of semen, and project it a foot or less. Exceptionally, volumes of up to 20 millilitres have been recorded, and Kinsey refers to ejaculations of up to 10 feet in length. Repetition has been recorded, by Masters and Johnson, as three times in 10 minutes. Volume however decreases greatly with each ejaculation. The largest ejaculation of human semen ever recorded was, I believe, 35 millilitres, about the volume of a horse or bull. One can only imagine that the resultant orgasm must have been so intense that he could have passed out.

For most of us, however, such exceptional experiences are beyond imagination and we are satisfied with the force and strength we can achieve by keeping fit and really healthy. The 'elixir of life', so long sought for, was undoubtedly something which would increase seminal volume, force of ejaculation and frequency.

A.E., Brighton

The discussion on penis length seems to be unending but little if anything has been written about the ideal size of the vagina – ideal for the enjoyment of both men and women. They come, as even a limited experience shows, in many different shapes, long and short, wide and narrow. In my experience there is no correlation between the figure in

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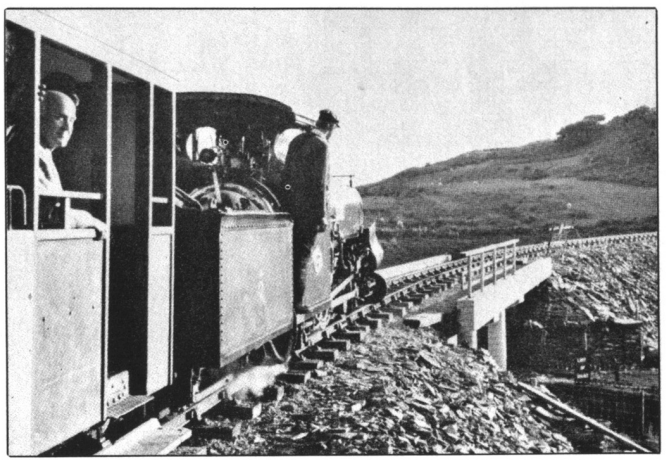
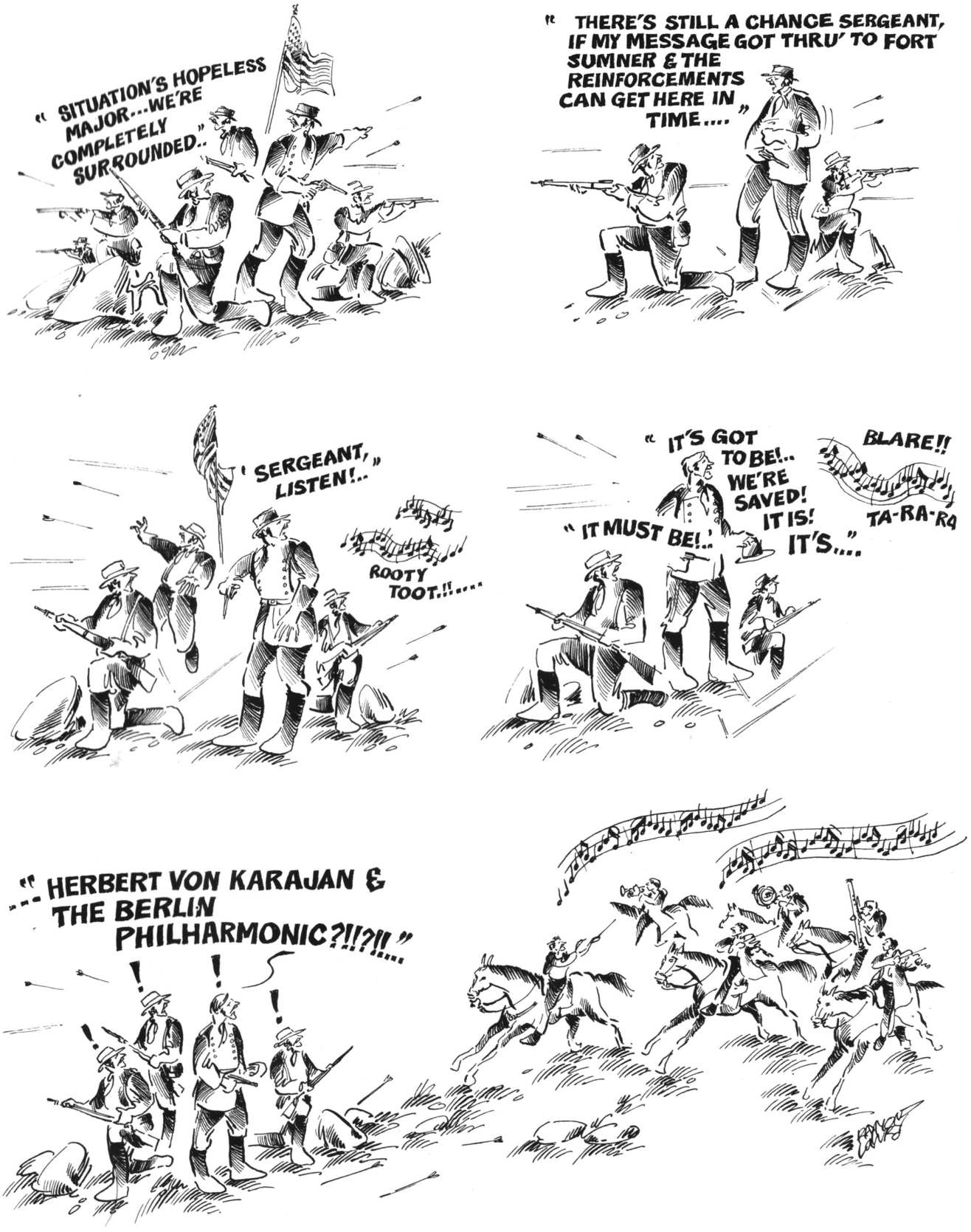


A train climbs the unique spiral on the narrow gauge Blaenau Ffestiniog line, currently being renovated in North Wales.


" SITUATION'S HOPELESS MAJOR...WE'RE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED.."
" THERE'S STILL A CHANCE SERGEANT, IF MY MESSAGE GOT THRU' TO FORT SUMNER & THE REINFORCEMENTS CAN GET HERE IN TIME.... "
" SERGEANT, LISTEN!.."
ROOTY TOOT!!....
" IT'S GOT TO BE!.. WE'RE SAVED!
" IT MUST BE!.. IT IS! IT'S...."
BLARE!!
TA-RA-RA
"... HERBERT VON KARAJAN & THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC?!!?!!"

LETTERS

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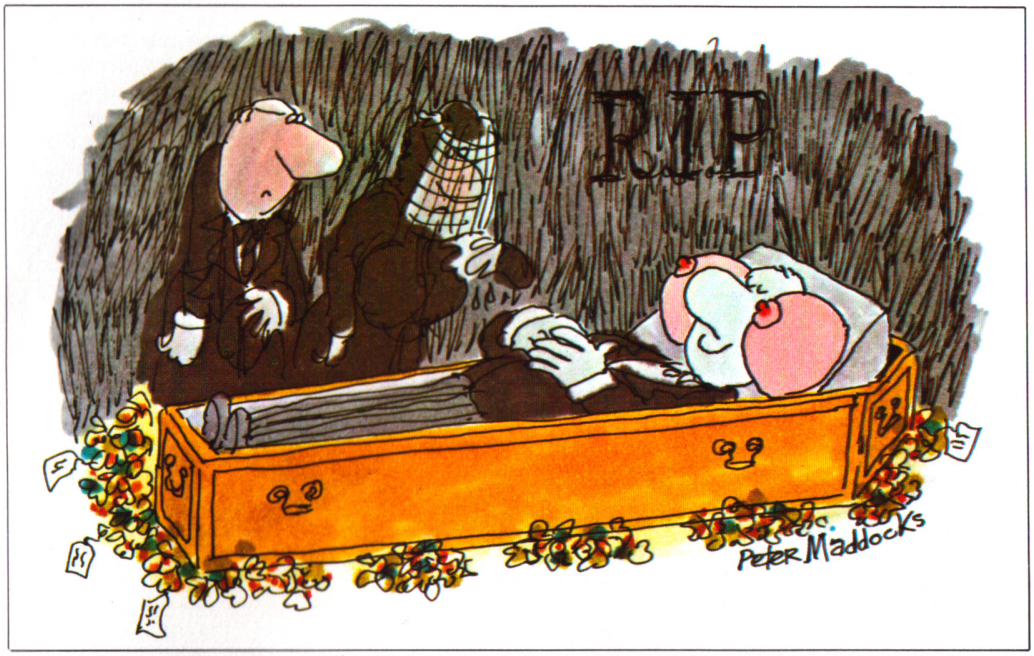
general and this delightful part of the anatomy in particular: tall women may have exceedingly short slits and vice versa. For a man the shape is very important. An exercise in too narrow or too wide a pussy is like skiing over very hard snow or snow newly fallen: the ride is either too bumpy or oversoft. There must be some ideal medium, but what is it? May I throw the subject open – for penetrating comment?
F.L.P.

I am in my thirties, married eight years and until recently my sexual experience was limited to the marital bed and a number of fumbling, premarital encounters. From my wife's point of view our sexual relations appear to be satisfactory since she is able to obtain gratification whenever needed and usually has a powerful orgasm. From my standpoint, however, the frequency, duration and variety of our lovemaking all leave something to be desired.
A recent encounter with a former girlfriend has brought about a dramatic change in my sex life and has raised a point which may be of some interest to readers.
I had always regarded the size of my penis as being no more than average, possibly because its flaccid size is small. (Erect it is 7½ inches long, 6 inches in circumference and just over two inches at the greatest diameter.) My ex-flame, whose experience is considerable, assures me that although she has known longer ones, mine is the thickest she has come across. She feels that length is of no consequence in terms of a woman's satisfaction and in fact she has found that 8-9 inch penises cause discomfort if not pain during deep thrusting. She claims, however, that a thicker penis greatly increases her sexual pleasure, her theory being that the thicker organ causes more movement of the labia which is transmitted to the clitoris. My wife's response would confirm this as she cannot bear digital manipulation and yet obtains satisfaction from penile thrusting, preferably both rapid and deep.
There is much discussion of penis length, but what information is available on penis thickness and what comments do other readers (male and female) have to make on this topic?
J.M.M., Glasgow

I can well believe blue films have the effect described in Quest Vol. 8 No. 8. One of my first girlfriends was a nurse known locally as 'iron drawers'. After taking her out a couple of times I was doing about as well as any of my contemporaries, until, having nothing else to do, I suggested a film. It was a highly romantic story with in fact very little explicit sex, but it brought on an astonishing change in the nurse. During a hectic good-night session outside her front gate she all but raped me. If she hadn't had a vigilant landlady there's no doubt in my mind how we would have continued inside. I shudder to think now what would have happened if the film we had seen had been a really 'blue' movie.
B.S., Cambridge

I was interested to read in Quest (Vol. 8 No. 8) about girls who got turned on by 'blue films'. In my own experience one such film had a similar effect on my fiancé. Up until the time we saw one of these films she had been rather frigid and the urge to make love had been pretty much one sided. One evening, however, we were taken to someone's house by a friend for a party. To begin with it seemed much like any other party, but after an hour or so a film started playing on one of the walls. Everyone was dancing and at first no-one took much notice. Gradually, though, the dancing stopped and people started sitting down around the room to watch. Being the better for drink, there were lots of catcalls and comments on the films, which featured couples, trios, quartets and sextets all going about their tasks in a startling variety of inventive ways. After ten minutes or so, however, the witty remarks grew less and everyone settled down.
With all the guests in their party clothes, scattered over the floor, with the drink and the mist of smoke that hung in the light of the projector, the room seemed like a forbidden den where sexual licence lurked. My fiancé was sitting

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



by my side and had said nothing. I thought she would try and drag me off pretty fast, so I was taking in as much of the film as I could. Suddenly, however, I felt her slipping her whole body down the length of mine. She did it very slowly, touching me as she went and by the time her head had reached my flies I was as hard as old boots. She then, quite unprecedentally, unzipped me and took gentle hold of my straining John Thomas and rubbed it softly against her cheek. True, we were in a dark corner of the room, but some of the people sitting around us can't have failed to have noticed. Not only that, but in the meantime, as she had slid half the length of my body, her maxi dress had moved at an equal rate up her legs which, because of the shortage of space, she had been forced to bend at the knees, thus giving someone, somewhere a whole lot of goodness to look at. It did not give me the greatest of pleasure to think that some guys were having a good gander at my fiancé, nor was I particularly happy at being exhibited myself, but at the same time I thought that anything to encourage her on the sexual front was definitely not to be ignored. When the films had finished we were one of the first to leave. In the car going home she just wouldn't let go of me, but I had to tell her to stop as I didn't want my suit ruined, nor did I want a passing cop to see, as I was likely to be way above the green on the breathalyser. She told me she couldn't hang on too long so could we pull off the road, which I did. I've only got a mini, which is not the best of passion wagons and I was thinking of how we could sort ourselves out when she stepped out of the car and said for me to follow. She closed the door and by the time I got round to her side she was standing up against it with the front of her dress hitched up to her waist. I hope the half dozen or so motorists who passed thought we were just having a snog, though when a passing lorry driver gave out a wild cheer it seemed to please her enormously and she climaxed shortly afterwards. Since then our love making has taken on new dimensions and I am much happier trying to

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

LETTERS

control her occasional lapses into exhibitionism than trying to overcome her coolness in the confines of the traditional bedroom scene.
G.N., Chichester, Sussex

Though the bosom of Barbie Jane Howard (Vol. 8 No. 5) is certainly stupendous I feel I must write and say that surely the young lady of the issue must be Miss Katherine Hesterman. All too rarely do we see a girl with such exquisite nipples. They are shapely and perfectly matched on each breast and look to have a soft rubbery texture. To a devout nipple lover like myself you could feature Katherine in every copy of *Mayfair*.
John B. Howerd, York

I was particularly interested in your letters concerning the fetish some men have regarding women in uniform. Generally, one hears of the different types of things which stimulate men, but one rarely hears about women's particular likes, except in your 'Quest' articles. I have a fetish and I wonder how many women, if they were perfectly honest with themselves, have it too. I am not a lesbian but I do enjoy female sexual companionship. Many parts of the female anatomy excite me to various degrees, but none so much as the feel of a well-shaped nylon clad leg.
Some time ago I made what has turned out to be a fantastic discovery. My husband and I were on a short vacation and while dressing the first morning we found that he had failed to pack his pants. I offered to wash the pair he had worn but this would take time and we were anxious to get out. Jokingly, I suggested he wear a pair of my panties and he tried a pair on. When I saw his mass encased in the sheer nylon I felt a strange sensation in the pit of my stomach and moved to feel him. He was excited as I was. It was then that the idea struck me. I got out one of my suspender belts and a pair of stockings – I've never taken to panty hose – and had him put them on. He has nice shaped legs, not at all muscular, and he was a sight to behold. As I felt his legs I received the same sensation as when I touch a woman's legs – the only difference being that when I reached the top of the hose something awaited me that would not be there in a woman. Needless to say, our first outing on that holiday was delayed.
Over the past months we have purchased a small wardrobe of female undergarments for him – his own nylons, various types of suspender belts including a waspie and even some stiletto heeled shoes. He also now shaves his legs regularly. Now whenever we have sexual relations he dresses as a woman from the waist down and it really turns me on. I still enjoy an occasional episode with women, but with my husband I've found the best of both worlds. I know he enjoys it too. He not only says so but he is always searching mail order catalogues for new frilly things. To those with the slightest interest in nylon clad legs I suggest they try what I did. The experience, I can assure them, is unmatchable.
Mrs. R.A.S., London W1

I have been in the army for the past five years and I've seen more than my share of 'pin ups' around the barrack room walls, especially when my regiment was in Northern Ireland. But until today I never bothered to read the words that go with the photographs. Now I know what I've been missing. I would like to thank you for producing such a great magazine. You have a large selection of 'tit bits' for all male readers. The girls are some of the loveliest I've ever had the pleasure to feast my eyes on and make a welcome change from looking at WRACS. Keep up the good work.
Fusilier John McLoughlin, 3rd Battalion, Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, Aldershot

We will, fusilier, but there's nothing we like better than a good stretch on the WRAC.

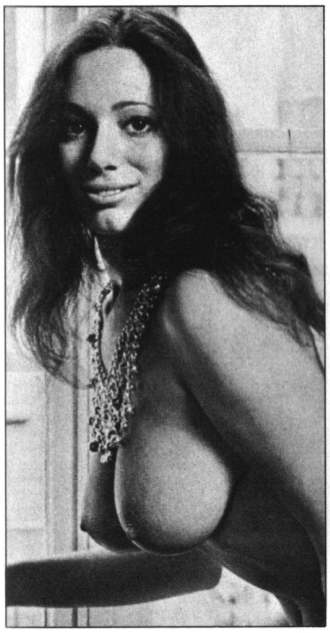
'Have you been in long?'

Your recent Quest on mother and daughter sex has led me to convey an experience I had in the last few months. I am a television repair man and have to collect money for repairs on the spot. One call I made went normally until it came to paying. The lady apologised and said that she didn't have any money in the house, but, with a twinkle in her eye, asked if she could pay any other way. Not quite certain what she meant I asked her what sort of payment she had in mind. She replied by slipping her skirt over her thighs and stepping out of it. Up to this moment I hadn't really looked at her, but I now saw she was in her late thirties, early forties, of average looks and figure and very friendly. Getting the message I didn't need a lot of encouragement and we enjoyed a very active time. I climaxed first and she a close second, but I remained erect and she continued grinding – she was on top – giving herself two more orgasms. Shortly after the last climax her daughter, a pretty girl in her teens, walked in, and asked, 'Mother, what on earth are you doing?' (She was in fact on her way to her fourth climax.) The mother replied, 'I'm paying him for mending the television. In fact I've paid him three times but only had one lot of change.' The daughter said she'd see what she could do, and then had me climaxing a second time in about two minutes.
I have not been back there as the set is still working, but I am looking forward to repairing it again.
I should add that this is the only serious affair with female clients (or male, come to think of it) that has happened to me in five years of outside service. There has of course been the occasional flirt or brush of body against body, not quite by accident, but nothing else. So the husbands of my area can rest in peace. Their wives are quite faithful.
(Name and address withheld)

I have noted that in recent issues you have given prominence to some very big-breasted girls. On this subject would it be possible to publish a 'memory lane' issue, featuring some of the bigger-breasted dollies of yesteryear. I have particularly happy memories of

a dark-haired young lady you displayed about three years ago, whose measurements were truly stupendous.
H.E. Andover

Stupendous indeed. The young lady you refer to can only be Miss Angela Duncan, whose fabled 40 inches amply filled our centre pages in Vol. 5 No. 10.



G.T.D. and Kenneth Howieson are quite right in their letters about the pubic hairlessness of Chinese girls – and ought to experiment (if that is the proper word for such really lovely girls) with the Koreans. They too are relatively hairless. Smooth-skinned and reticent about public caresses, they are the most passionate and delightful lovers a man could desire when they are alone and really like you. Their soft little hands and silken fingers must be watched however; the 'caresses délicieuses' which used to be thought of as a special French touch only are a natural skill with the Chinese and the Koreans, and surprising and sudden explosions can occur if they are not stopped 'jusqu'au moment critique'. The explosions – if and when they occur – delight them, for they seem to like to watch their lover's delight. And for the man who found – perhaps to his surprise – that a woman can come more than once, beware! Our little Asian friends expect that, and can match you to the extent of complete – and delicious – exhaustion. But please, if you respect their finer feelings, no overt expressions in public. It's worth waiting for in private.

On another topic, since your letter writers display a recurrent interest in panties and nylons, etc., why not mention another 'fetish' which still gives an unusual thrill to many men in many countries? I refer to those sexy, glossy black raincoats which on a well-built blonde or brunette with slim waist and hips swing with such delightful, liquid black folds as they walk, tightly belted to the waist, silver buttoned and obviously designed to catch the eyes of men. Paris – ever to the fore in these matters – is the city where these things are to be seen to perfection. On a rainy day the streets are full of sleek, black, shiny macs worn by the lovelier girls.
The most exciting of all, however, we never see now. Those are the coats and capes which were made of gleaming, silky, rubber-lined satin. A few specialist manufacturers in England still produce them to be worn by a few very fashionable and knowing women. The special glow of heavy black satin is somehow made more attractive by the velvet smooth rubber lining; the drape of the material is enhanced by its flexible backing, and the lovely mac or cape rustles and swishes in an amazing – and very exciting – way as the wearer undulates down the street. To many men, and to some women, the cool smooth feeling of the rubber lining is exquisitely exciting, and in fashion terms the flow and movement of the mac is very 'with it' in an age that cherishes the 'wet look'.
A.E., Tokyo

A few months ago the thought of watching my wife make love with another man would have filled me with loathing, but that was before an extraordinary thing that happened to me during the summer. We were on holiday in Spain and my wife and I became friendly with a man who owned a villa. One evening we were drinking with a crowd in our hotel bar and our friend invited us all back to his villa for a party. There was a lot of booze around and soon everyone was quite merry, dancing with each other's wives and so on. I suddenly noticed a rather good-looking local trying very hard to chat up my wife. I should add here that she is 28 and was a virgin when we

turn to page 114

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LETTERS

continued from page 111

married.

It was soon obvious that my wife fancied him like mad but instead of stepping in or becoming annoyed I found myself intrigued to know what would happen.

Eventually he persuaded my wife to leave the room of the party and I discreetly followed them to a bedroom. Unfortunately it was already occupied and they began to return. I ducked into another bedroom and barely had time to hide behind the full length curtains before they entered. As they began to kiss passionately I felt my first qualms but the embarrassment of the situation prevented me from doing anything. Meanwhile my wife was persuaded to shed her clothes and I became extremely excited at the sight of the man sucking and caressing her nipples. She couldn't wait to release him from his trousers and I must admit I was as surprised as she was at the size of his organ. After taking him into her mouth for some minutes, he made her lie on the edge of the bed and soon brought her to an incredible state of excitement. Finally he mounted and entered her and gave her two orgasms before collapsing exhausted. By this time my own excitement had reached such a peak that I could hardly stand.

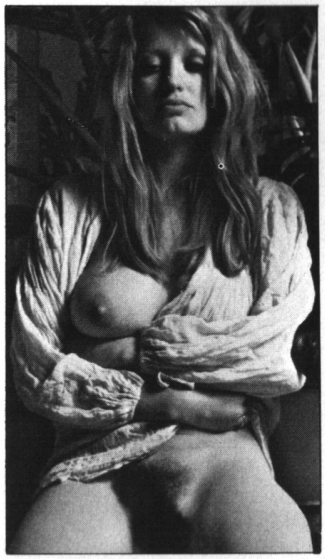
I have never told anyone of this experience before and do not even mention it to my wife who I know just got carried away at the party. I look upon it as something gained in experience.

F.T.O.

Firstly may I say how much I admired Lucy's fabulous breasts in Vol. 8 No. 8 and secondly how incredibly sexy I found the photographs of Jeanette Remain in Vol. 8 No. 5. But when will you let us enjoy the delights of a girl with such a profusion of pubic hair as we saw on Paula Darrington in Vol. 7 No. 8? I am sure that many readers feel as I do that the hairier the crotch the randier the girl. Being very hairy myself, at least that is what my girlfriend tells me, perhaps your readers might verify my belief that hairy men are more attracted to girls with an abundance of thick pubic hair than other men.

J.G.M., Kingston-upon-Thames

No sooner said than seen.



I feel I must congratulate you on the superb photo-feature of the fabulous Stephanie McLean (Vol. 8 No. 8).

I notice that you frequently receive requests from fellow readers to include in future issues pictures of certain well-known film or TV stars. May I add to that list a plea for a feature on the incredibly beautiful Pan's People, and my favourite TV starlet – Valerie Leon.

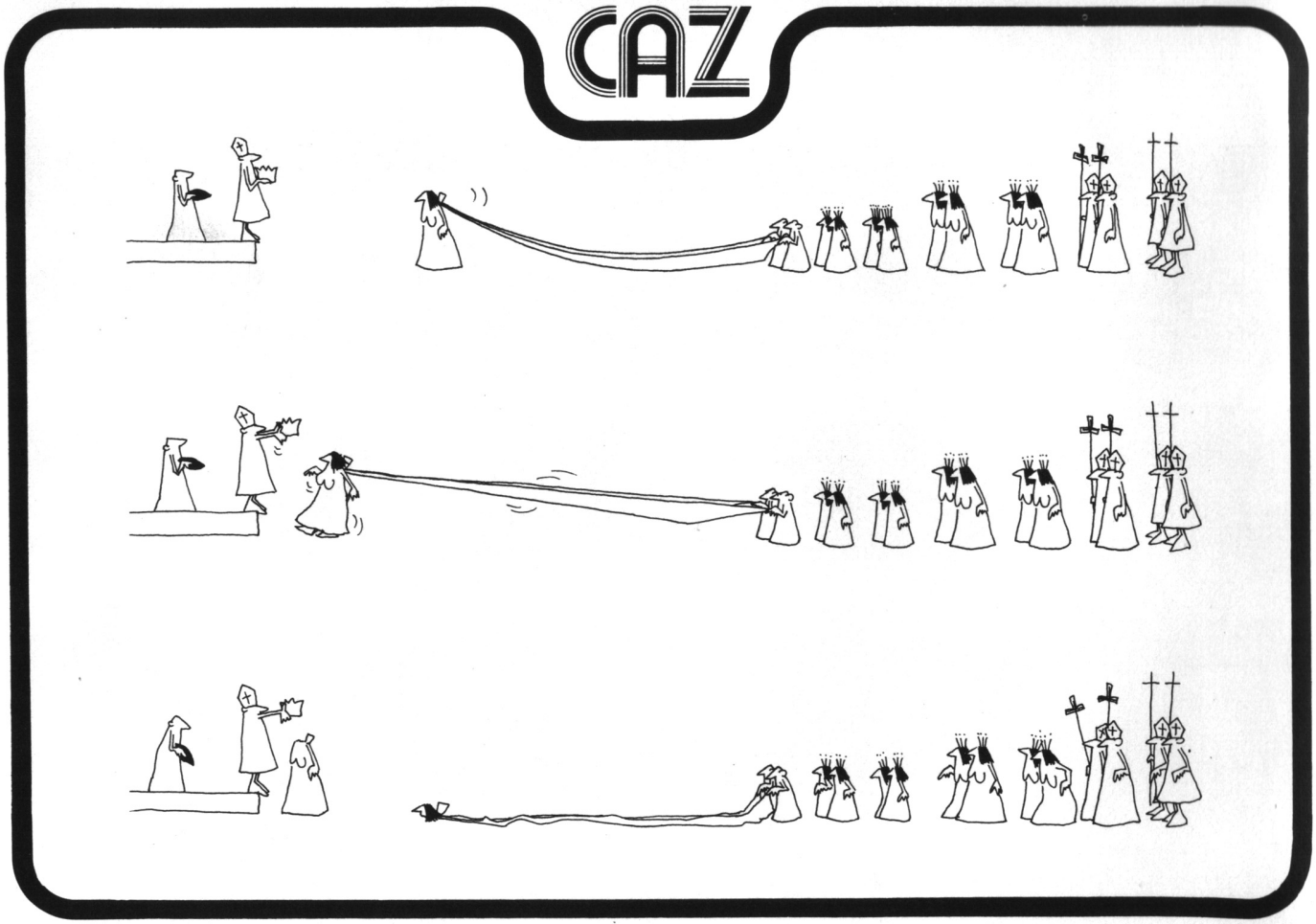
Here's wishing you every success in your attempts to persuade such delectable young ladies to display their attributes for the satisfaction of all your readers.

J.C., Ilkley, Yorks

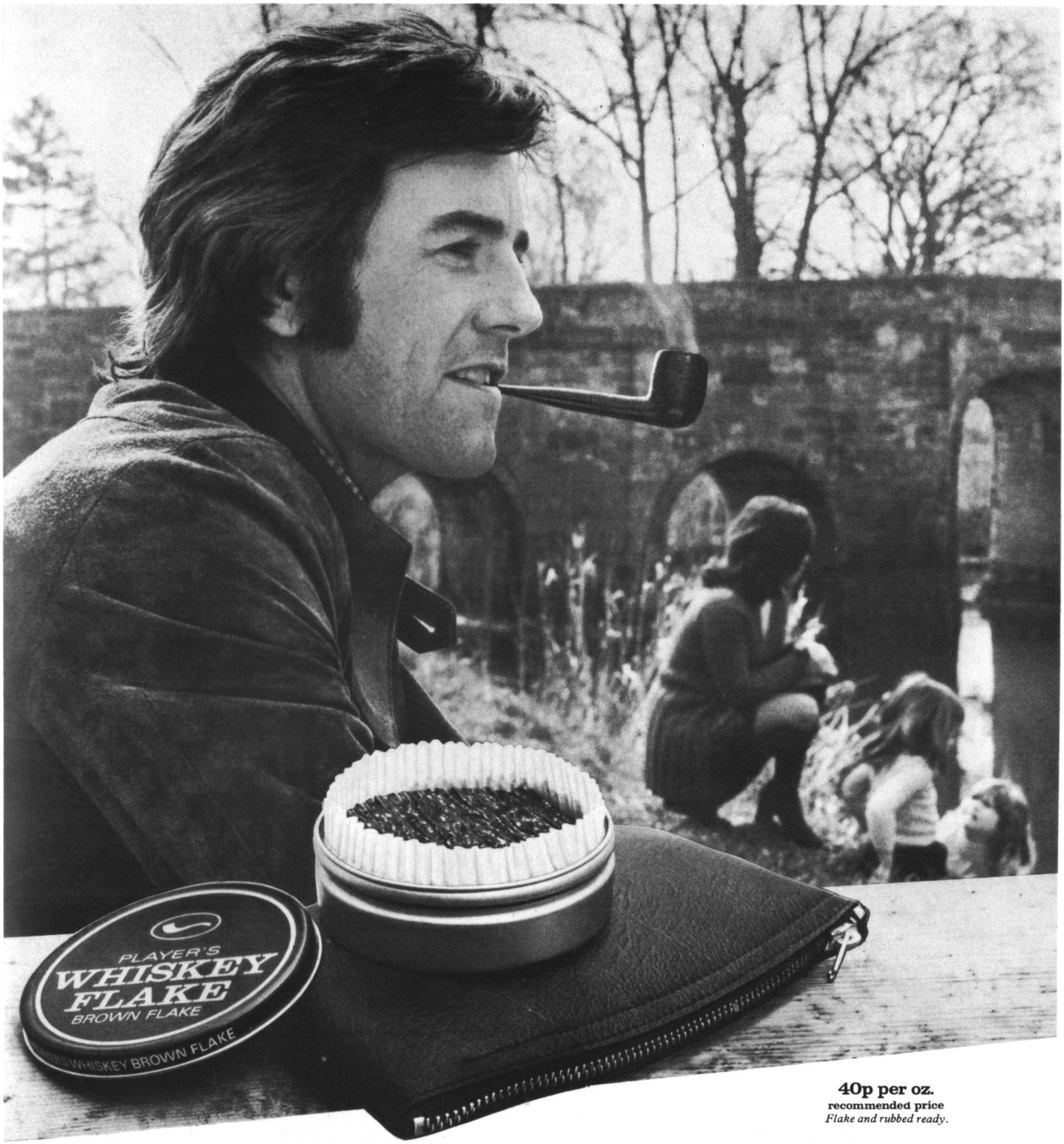
My wife and I recently agreed to look after a friend's budgie which had never uttered a word. Because of our two cats we decided to put the bird in our bedroom. Our lovemaking – which takes place several times a week – is usually quite noisy, since we both enjoy talking throughout the act. After two weeks we returned the budgie to our friends. Imagine our embarrassment when the hitherto silent bird suddenly blurted out, 'Who's going to be screwed! Who's going to be screwed!'

B.M., Surrey

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



Mature, cool Whiskey Flake...



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